

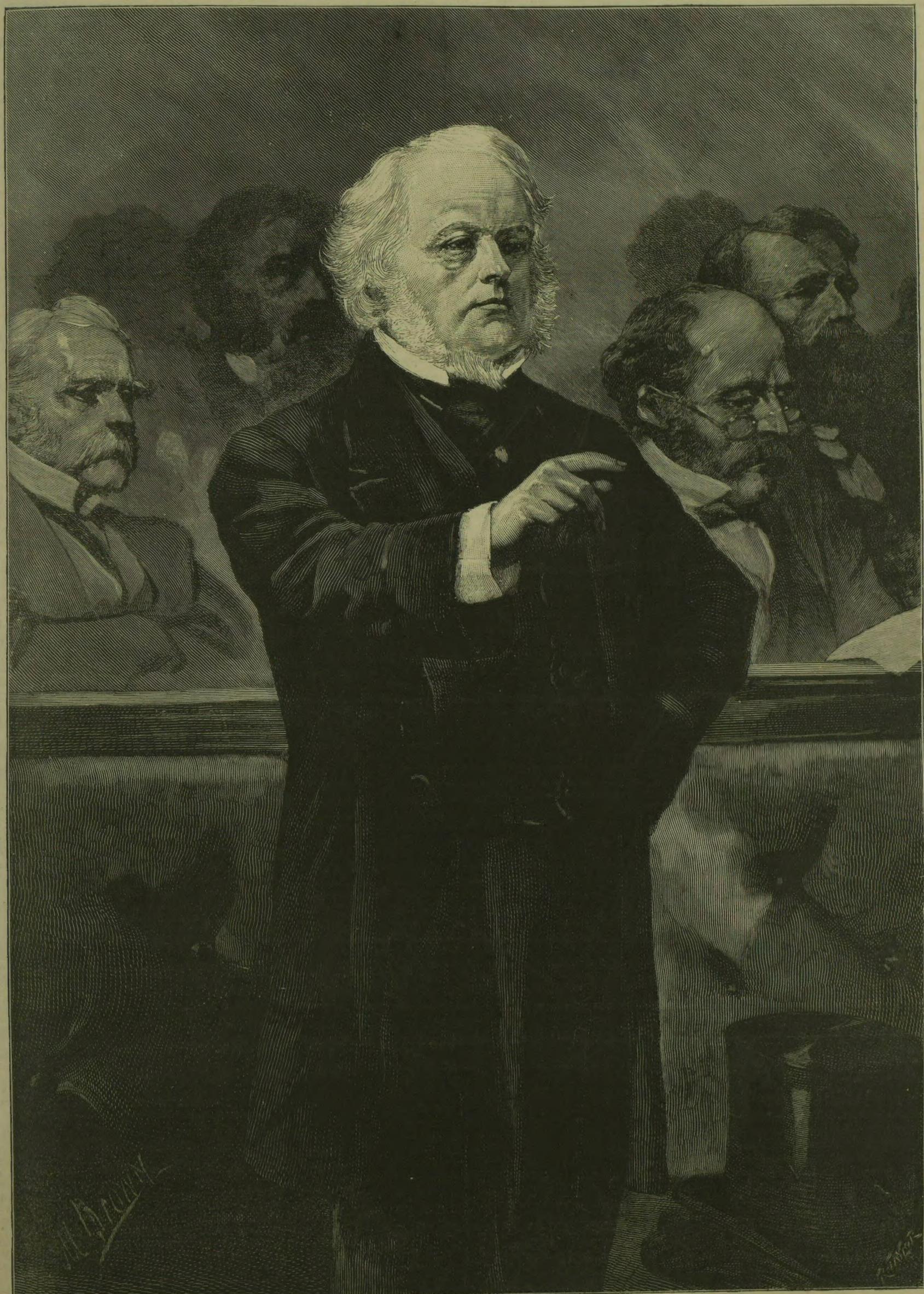
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS { SIXPENCE,  
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } By Post, 6d.



MR. BRIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Like Agur, the son of Jakeh, there are many things in the world "too wonderful for me"—and more than four, to which his ignorance appears to have been limited. I never could understand, for one thing, how members of the House of Commons are able to connect their fellow-members with the place they happen to be sitting for; by what marvellous intuition does even a new member possess himself—as he certainly appears to do—of this peculiar information? There are six hundred members, representing as many places, some of which one has never even so much as heard of; how on earth is this topographical identity established! It would never do to say "The honourable Member with the long nose," or "The honourable Member with the remarkable accent," or "The honourable Member with the cast in his eye"; but that is the sort of reference which would naturally occur to the uninstructed mind when dealing with an utter stranger. I have always supposed, though delicacy has prevented me from ascertaining the fact, that there is some official who, for some moderate remuneration, puts the Parliamentary orator in possession of this knowledge. But it now appears, from a recent motion in the House of Lords, that this difficulty really exists. Even in that assembly—a much smaller one than the Lower House, and not a tenth of them in attendance—it has been found intolerable to go on alluding to "the noble Earl who spoke last but two in the debate," or to "the noble Viscount who preceded the noble Duke," and they are henceforward to be addressed by their titles. There is, therefore, a chance that a similar reform may be introduced into the Commons, which will be an immense relief to its members.

Lying has been said to be objectionable "on account of the strain upon the memory" it involves; but lying must be easy (I write "must be" from hearsay) in comparison with the recollection a Parliamentary career at present demands. The proposed amendment will also be of advantage to the reader of the debates. In that delightful literature one often comes across an allusion to the "honourable Member for Bullock Smithy," which breaks the thread of enthrallment most inconveniently, takes one off the scent like a red herring. His being described as an "honourable and learned Member," or an "honourable and gallant Member," doesn't help one a bit; only whets the curiosity. We don't want to know about Bullock Smithy, but we do want to know who sits for it. Reforms do really sometimes take place in our Legislature. Mr. Justice Stephen tells us that Acts of Parliament are now permitted to have stops in them, though only a few; they are actually divided into sentences (which naturally pleases the good Judge); then, why should it not be enacted that members of Parliament may be called by their proper names?

Almost every morning there is something added to the "Index Prohibitorum" which the Anti-Everythingarians are so good as to compile for us. "Is there any other article today?" one wonders as one opens the newspaper. Yes; there is. The last forbidden thing is football. This ukase emanates from an eminent theologian, who denounces the game as inciting to drunkenness, gambling, smo—no, for a wonder, not smoking. While fostering all other vices, football, from the nature of things, can hardly be indulged in with a pipe in the mouth. But it is very sinful. If after this statement persons continue to play it, "they will do so," says the authority, "contrary to our express injunction"—a vague but terrific phrase, analogous to being "named" by the Speaker. It is clear that the authority, having thus put down his foot upon the football, imagines that he has burst it. Perhaps he has. There is no limit to the new tyranny. But as a football player of much too long standing, I wish to know why cricket is still permitted? It abounds in crime! I have seen a whole eleven imbibe shandygaff and other alcoholic liquors after a game is over; while during its continuance I have known the evil passions of the spectators to be so aroused as to exclaim "Butter-fingers!" when a player has missed a catch, and the player himself to say even worse things. Curiously enough, this anti-football zealot has not a word to say against the physical objections to the game—the kicking a player in the eye as he lies prostrate on the ground, for instance, as recommended by the Rugby (or other) rules—he is much too high principled to take notice of little things of that kind. It is the immorality and irreligion of the thing that grieves his soul. What I would humbly suggest is that we should be told by somebody what is still permissible to do; what is yet left for us—of course in a week-day. (The cat has long been hung on Monday, for killing of its mouse on Sunday.) Cribbage is naturally out of the question—that is played with cards; but is cat's-cradle in the "Index"? Pending the issue of this Gracious Permission, it would only be a prudent measure of protection to start some committee (analogous to that of the Open Spaces Preservation Society), that would point out what diversion yet remains in what was once "Merry England" that has not been denounced. In old times there was a Puritanism that really had a backbone; but now we have an invertebrate asceticism inspired solely by egotism and the love of notoriety, whose sole object seems to be the diminution of human enjoyment.

There are many extenuating circumstances in the very gravest transgressions, and sometimes of such a kind as to reduce their gravity to thistledown; there are also many offences for which youth may reasonably be pleaded in mitigation. But, as in a recent case, where a brutal murder was planned out beforehand with no other object than to gain possession of the victim's watch and money, it seems strange that youth should be held an excuse for crimes that would seem only possible to hardened and habitual villains. If such things are done in the green, what will be done in the dry? It would be thought a very questionable clemency to spare the life of a man-eating tiger because of his youth and

strength; the very fact that at so early an age he was a man-eater—which tigers do not generally become till long after their maturity—would naturally be set down to his debit rather than to his credit; and the parallel between his case and that of the young human ruffian seems complete. For all temptations incident to youth and passion, there can hardly be made too great an allowance; but where cruelty, cunning, and greed have been exhibited, so far from there being any ground of a recommendation to mercy because the criminal is young, the argument is surely the other way. Moreover, is it "mercy" to put such a creature in a cage, with the intention after a certain number of years—when he will be still strong enough to rob and murder—of letting him loose again? Putting aside his original victim, which indeed is always done (he is the very last person on whom your professional humanitarian ever wastes his sympathy) the safety and comfort of other people who have forgotten all about him, and are quite unaware of the character who is thus introduced to society anew are surely worth consideration. Even still more curious, since we profess to believe in a Power that regards us with "large and other eyes than ours, to make allowance for us all," is the idea that we are showing "mercy" to the criminal himself in not cutting short his career. The argument, however, of those who contend that no matter how heinous a man's crimes may be we have no right to hang him, is intelligible; what is more difficult to understand is why those who do not think so still find an excuse for him, because at an early age he has shown undeniable proofs of possessing an exceptionally hardened and dangerous nature.

Among the religious novels that are just now so popular, "John Ward, Preacher," should hold a foremost place. It has some of the charm of "Cranford" about it, and a delicate fragrance of humour that is very wholesome. The subject of the book would be repulsive were it not obsolete; there is hardly any sect in England which now clings to the horrible dogma that forms the *bête noire* of John Ward's life. One would call him "a pagan suckled in a creed outworn," only he is by no means a pagan. The mistake of the authoress seems to me that she has attempted to mix oil and vinegar together, in making the preacher a kindly-natured person: it would be no less unnatural to portray Torquemada as kindly-natured. She understands the monstrosity of his belief, but not the colossal selfishness which must needs have been involved in it. The ministers who once held it, and congratulated themselves that there were "babes a span long" in the infernal regions, were not at all of John Ward's type. They were particularly good trenchermen; their appetite was not at all interfered with by reflections on the future doom of nine-tenths of those who sat at meat and drink with them. It would be difficult, one would think, for a humane person to keep up his spirits in the presence of a friend who was condemned even to the gallows; but these people thought of nothing but themselves in the shadow of a far more tremendous catastrophe. With a slight variation in the first line, the old distich—

Of all my fellow-creatures, I love myself the best;  
As long as I'm provided for, the Devil take the rest!

was the motto of every one of them.

It is only charitable to conclude that in their heart of hearts, those who had a heart did not really believe the dogma they professed. They only pretended to believe it, and defend it in order to curry favour for themselves in high quarters, as when the supple Bishop asserted that the King could do no wrong. But John Ward, the preacher, was not of this stamp; he was a tender-hearted man, really did believe the dogma, and yet the caresses of his (lost) wife and the companionship of his (lost) friends were dear and pleasant to him. Such contradiction in character is impossible. We are willing to believe of him what was written on his prototype—

He preached as one who ne'er should preach again,  
And as a dying man to dying men;

but if he believed what he preached he should never have ceased from preaching. It is impossible, with such a creed, that such a man could have forgotten its consequences even for a moment, far less been a lover or a guest. His behaviour in the earlier part of the story is that of a person telling you upon his honour, but with a smile upon his face, that he has seen a ghost. We should probably disbelieve him in any case; but since he smiles when speaking of soawful a subject, we know that he is lying. Later on in the tale, the hero becomes more consistent, but at the expense of our respect for him. Urged by the argument of some very contemptible persons who have nothing in common with him but their fanaticism, he separates from his devoted wife because he can't convince her of his dogma, and makes everybody (including, one is glad to find, himself) extremely miserable. It is probable that the story, which is laid in America, is written with some practical purpose; but the motive of it is, in England, an anachronism; and it is to be regretted that such exceptional powers have been wasted in "bringing back the mastodon."

How I wish—but what is the use of wishing?—that my name was Onderdonk! Only that, and nothing more. Then I should inherit £800,000; on which (like Thackeray's hero) I am sure "I could live happily and do good." What hinders the genuine Onderdonks from getting the money is that they are not sufficiently virtuous. None of them can benefit by the will in question who are "idlers, sluggards, profligates, drunkards, gamblers, or go hunting on a Sunday." There is also something in the document about smoking; but surely that could be got over by a good Judge in favour of a person whose career has been otherwise blameless. There is to be an attempt by these "idlers, drunkards, &c.," to upset the will; but if one clause is to go why not another? They are all Onderdonks, but vicious: if vice is to count for nothing, why should the limitation of the family name (such an absurd one, too!) be insisted upon? Is any respectable lawyer inclined to undertake this little matter for me (like Messrs. Dodson and Fogg) on spec?

## DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

We regret to announce the death, at half-past eight in the morning on Wednesday, March 27, of this great and good English public man, after a long and exhausting illness, of which his countrymen have been continually informed, and which has proved too much for the strength of a man in the seventy-eighth year of his age. It was, indeed, not expected that he would ever again be able to deliver, in the House of Commons or on the platform of a public meeting, one of those speeches, inspired with rational enthusiasm for moral principles and for the welfare of this nation and of all mankind, profoundly touched with religious feeling, often glowing with poetic and almost prophetic imagination, and cast in the purest and most vigorous style of English oratory, by which he so powerfully stirred the hearts and guided the political convictions of the people, and became pre-eminent, not as a leader of party, but as the eloquent and persuasive Tribune of Righteousness and Truth.

John Bright was born at Rochdale, Nov. 16, 1811, and it has always been his home. He joined the first committee of the Anti-Corn-Law Association in 1838, and was elected M.P. for Durham in 1843. He represented Manchester from 1847 to 1857, when he lost his seat, as Cobden did, by reprobating the bombardment of Canton and the Chinese War; but in the same year was elected for Birmingham, and has been re-elected there over and over again. He held office as President of the Board of Trade in Mr. Gladstone's first Ministry in 1868; and, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in Mr. Gladstone's second Ministry of 1880, but withdrew from it in July, 1882, because of the bombardment of Alexandria. "For I hold," he said, "that the moral law is intended not only for individual life, but also for the life and practice of States. I think, in the present case, there has been a manifest violation of international law, and of the moral law, and I cannot repudiate what I have taught and preached to thousands of my countrymen. I asked my calm judgment and conscience what was the path of right to take, and I am humbly endeavouring to follow it." In the same spirit, we may be sure, Mr. Bright has more recently acted, in his opposition to Mr. Gladstone upon the question of Irish Home Rule.

We shall give a full account of Mr. Bright's public life next week, and some illustrations of its memorable incidents. Here we have space and time only to indicate its characteristic qualities, which constitute a figure that is unique in modern English history. Educated as a "Quaker," or member of the "Society of Friends," with whom he remained in Christian fellowship throughout his life, dwelling from infancy in the homely town of Rochdale, where he carried on business as a cotton-manufacturer, the simplicity of his domestic habits and tastes kept him apart from fashionable associations. He acquired a rare strength of private judgment, with integrity and consistency in the use of it, which he has maintained during more than half a century of political discussion. He rose to fame by his great exertions for the Anti-Corn-Law League. In his speeches on that question, he was rather the advocate of the cause of the working classes, of their right to earn wages and to buy food without hindrance from the landlord monopoly, than the systematic expounder of abstract principles of commercial economy. Among Mr. Bright's most earnest and impassioned speeches were those by which he protested against the Crimean War, or deprecated our enmity to France, some years later, or insisted on justice to Ireland and justice to India, or supported the cause of the great American Republic against the rebellion of the slaveholding States. With equal force of conviction, he has upheld every claim of civil, social, and religious liberty, and has denounced every criminal action of Governments, and has demanded an equitable system of Parliamentary representation, as the basis not of mere surrender to the variable wishes of the populace, but of just rule in conformity with average public opinion.

Mr. Bright was a widower, his second wife having died in 1878. One of his sons, Mr. William Leatham Bright, is M.P. for Stoke-upon-Trent; and he, with the others, Mr. John Albert Bright and Mr. Philip Bright, and with three married daughters, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Roth, and Mrs. Currie, were with their father on his death-bed; they were joined by Mrs. Cash, his youngest daughter. Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P. for the southwest division of Manchester, and Mr. Thomas Bright are surviving brothers of the deceased; another, Grattan Bright, died many years ago.

The Queen has been pleased to confer upon the Earl of Erne the Order of St. Patrick, vacant by the death of the Earl of Portarlington.

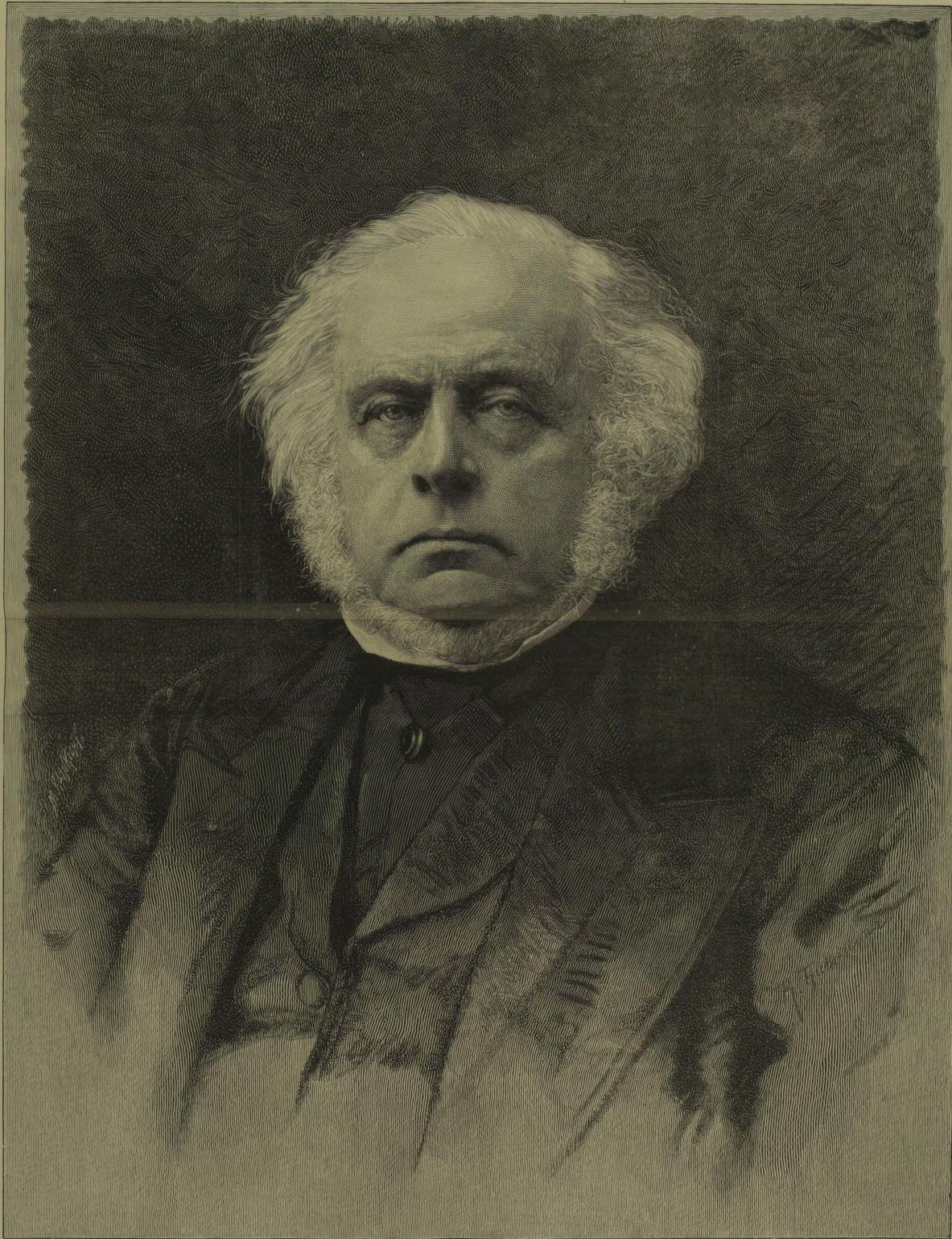
Her Majesty has also approved of the appointment of the Marquis of Bath to be Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Wilts, in the room of the late Earl of Radnor.

The Queen has appointed Mr. Arthur Herbert Wood to be Page-of-Honour to her Majesty, vice Mr. Gerald Montague Augustus Ellis resigned.

There were 1555 deaths registered in London in the week ending March 23, being 371 below the average in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

An account has been opened at the Bank of England for the "St. Helen's Church Restoration Fund," to which subscriptions may be paid directly, or they will be received, and duly acknowledged, by either of the honorary treasurers, H. Hucks Gibbs, Esq., and C. M. Clode, Esq., C.B., or by the Rev. J. A. L. Airey, Rector.

The usual weekly entertainment at the Brompton Hospital on March 26 consisted of the comedietta of "A Cup of Tea," in which the character of Lady Clara Seymour was well sustained by Miss Sofie Jones, supported by Messrs. R. Vaile, Cyril Beaumont, and R. Leupold; and the operetta of "Quid pro Quo," in which Mrs. Gouraud made a fascinating Lady Ethel, and Mr. Cyril Beaumont an excellent Lord Arthur. The songs were well sung; and the evening's performance called forth hearty and deserved applause. On the previous Tuesday, "The Plowden Bijou Orchestra" gave an admirable entertainment, assisted by Miss Acton and Mr. Dunlop Hill as vocalists. The buffo songs of Mr. R. A. Gillespie, who kindly arranged the programme, were greatly appreciated.



BORN, NOV. 16, 1811.

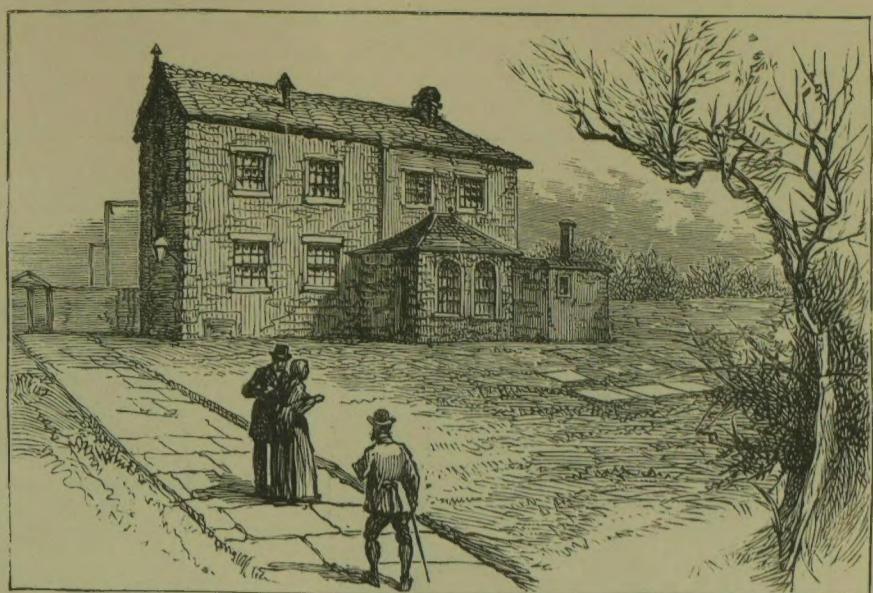
DIED, MARCH 27, 1889.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

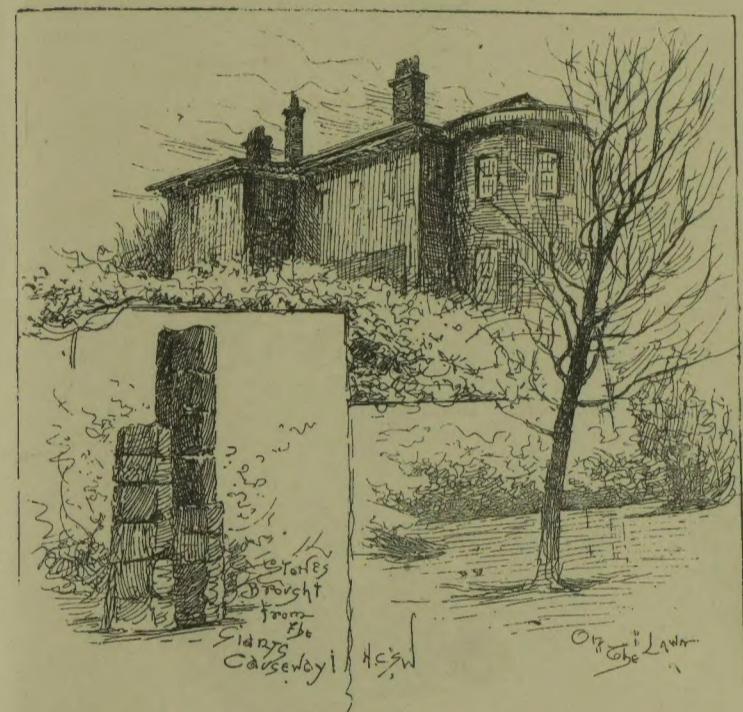
From a Photograph by Barraud, 263, Oxford-street.—Reprinted from the Illustrated London News, Feb. 11, 1888



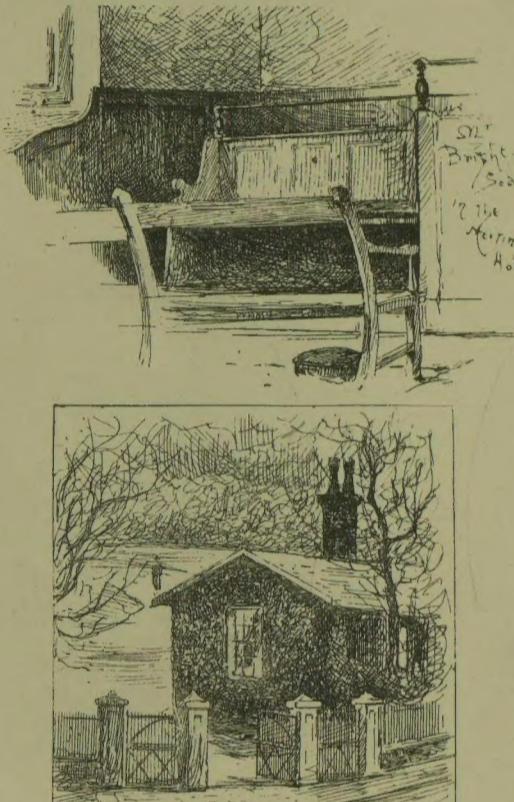
GREENBANK, NEAR ROCHDALE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN BRIGHT.



THE FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE WHICH MR. BRIGHT ATTENDED.



IN THE GROUNDS AT ONE ASH.



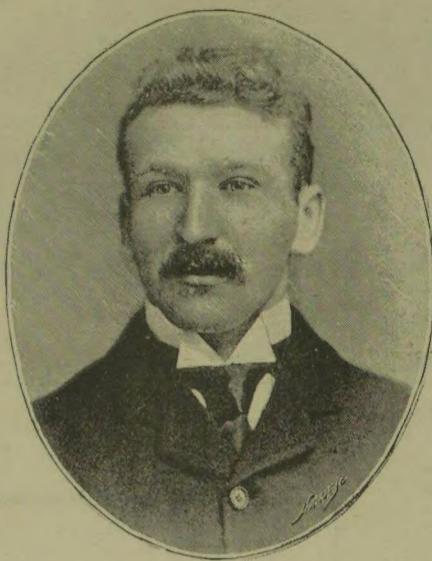
ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS, ONE ASH.



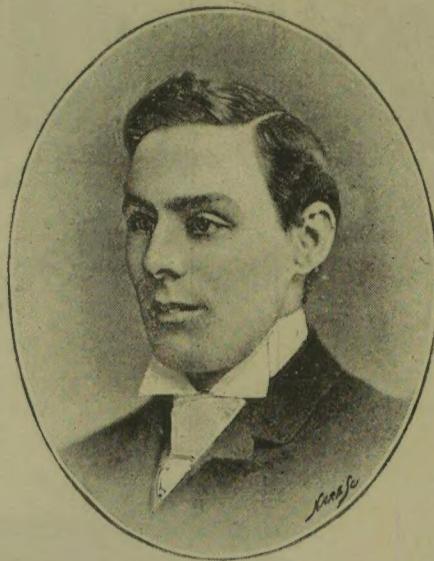
THE TERRACE, ONE ASH.

ONE ASH, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. BRIGHT, WHERE HE DIED.  
THE LATE MR. JOHN BRIGHT.

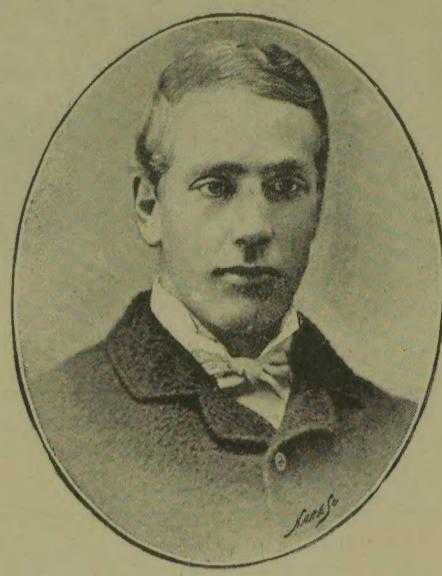
H. C. Saffing &amp; Wright



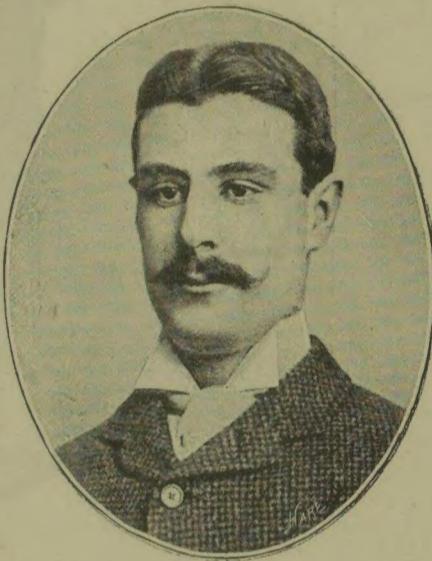
1. R. H. SYMONDS-TAYLER, Trinity Hall.



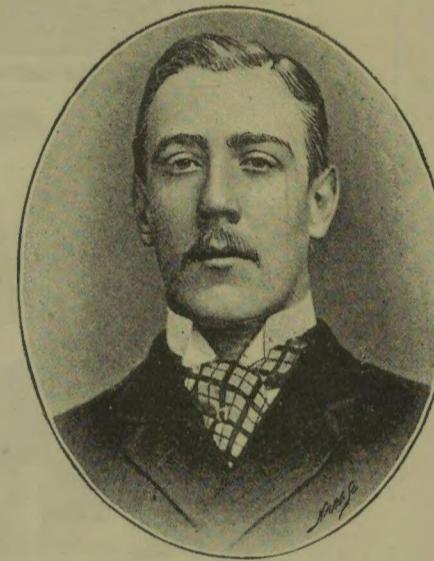
2. L. HANNEN, Trinity Hall.



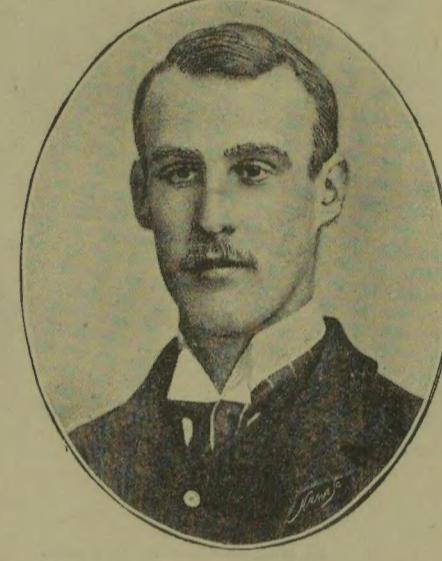
3. R. H. P. ORDE, First Trinity.



4. C. B. P. BELL, Trinity Hall.



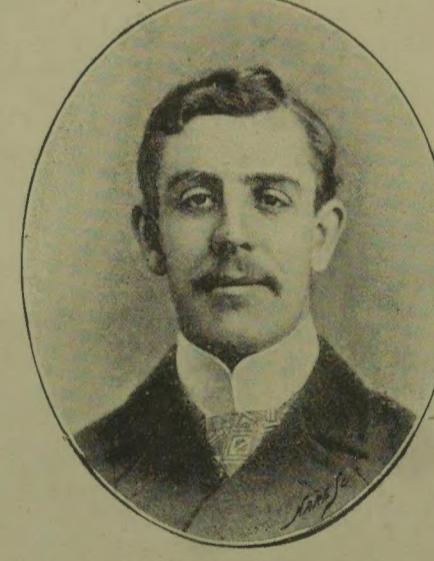
5. S. D. MUTTLEBURY, Third Trinity.



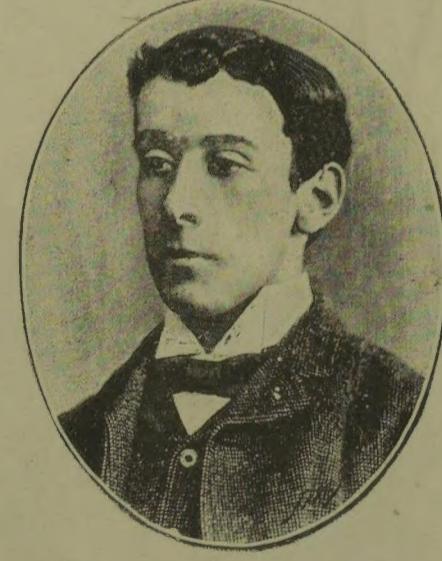
6. P. LANDALE, Trinity Hall.



7. F. H. MAUGHAN, Trinity Hall.



J. C. GARDNER, Emmanuel (stroke).



T. W. NORTHMORE, Queen's (cox).

## THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

The annual contest on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake, between the champion crews of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, on Saturday, March 30, has excited the usual degree of attention in London. The names of the Oxford crew, with the Colleges to which they belong, and with the weight of each man, are the following:—

	st. lb.	st. lb.	
H. E. L. Puxley, Corpus (bow).....	11 8	H. R. Parker, Brasenose.....	14 1
R. P. Rowe, Magdalen.....	11 9	G. Nickalls, Magdalen.....	12 5
T. A. Cook, Wadham.....	12 2	W. F. C. Holland, Brasenose (stroke).....	10 13
F. C. Drake, New.....	12 12	J. P. Hayward - Lonsdale, New (cox).....	8 6
Lord Ampthill, New.....	12 12		

Reserve: R. P. Colomb (New), 11 st.

In the possession of a good boat, the Oxford crew were very fortunate, Mr. John Clasper, of Oxford and Putney, having built them a perfect specimen of a racer. She had every appearance of being wonderfully speedy, steady as a rock, and travelling well between the stroke, while the crew admitted that she was one of the most comfortable boats they had ever

sat in. The following is a list of the Cambridge crew, with their weights:—

	st. lb.	st. lb.	
R. H. Symonds - Tayler, Trinity Hall (bow).....	10 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	P. Landale, Trinity Hall 12 10	
L. Hannen, Trinity Hall.....	11 5	F. H. Maughan, Trinity Hall.....	11 7
R. H. P. Orde, First Trinity .....	11 11	J. C. Gardner, Emmanuel (stroke).....	10 10
C. B. P. Bell, Trinity Hall .....	13 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	T. W. Northmore, Queen's (cox) .....	8 2
S. D. Muttlebury, Third Trinity .....	13 12		

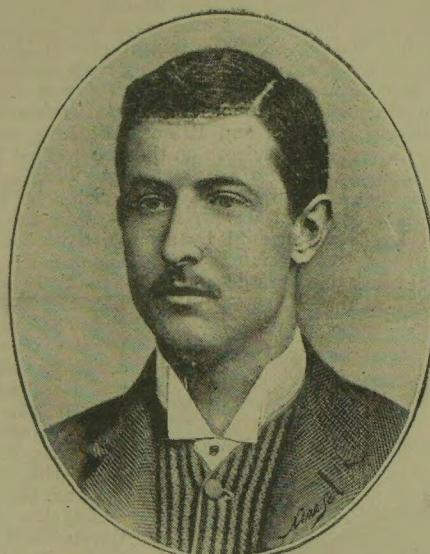
Reserve: R. F. Bevan (Third Trinity), 11 st.

The Cambridge boat, likewise built by Clasper, was equal to any of previous years, carried the men remarkably well, and gave every satisfaction. It was cedar built, with white pine fittings, ash timbers, and wheel slides of 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. run; fitted with Clasper's patent countervail for steadiness and keeping up to windward. It was 60 ft. in length, being a foot longer than that of last year's build; the other dimensions were: extreme depth, 9 $\frac{1}{4}$  in.; breadth amidships, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.; height forward, 7 in.; aft, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. The president gave Messrs. Ayling

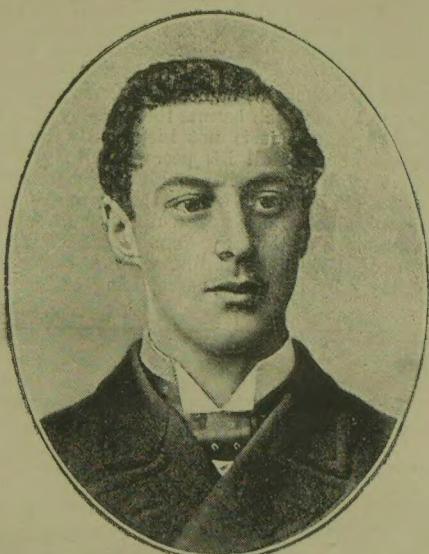
and Son (Vauxhall) an order for a couple of sets of oars, fitted with their patent button.

Our Portraits of the Oxford crew are from photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Oxford; and those of the Cambridge crew, from photographs by Messrs. Stearn, of Cambridge.

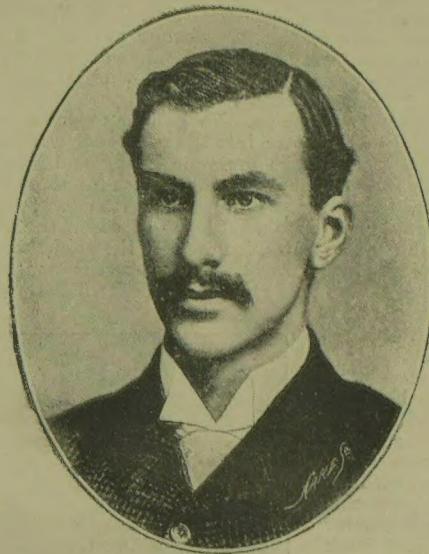
It is now, or will be at Midsummer, sixty years since the first Oxford and Cambridge race was rowed—on June 10, 1829, on the course from Hambledon Lock to Henley; it was won by Oxford. Among the Oxford crew were the future Bishop of St. Andrews, Charles Wordsworth, of Christchurch; T. F. Garnier, of Worcester College, who became Dean of Lincoln; and the coxswain, W. R. Fremantle, of Christchurch, afterwards Dean of Ripon. The Cambridge crew included G. A. Selwyn (Lady Margaret), afterwards Bishop of New Zealand, and subsequently of Lichfield; Charles Merivale (Lady Margaret), who was the author of the "History of the Roman Empire," and who became Dean of Ely; and A. F. Bayford (Trinity Hall), who won eminence as a legal practitioner.



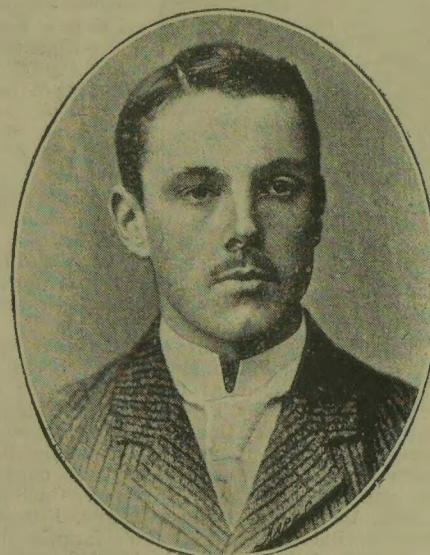
1. H. E. L. PUXLEY, Corpus.



2. R. P. ROWE, Magdalen.



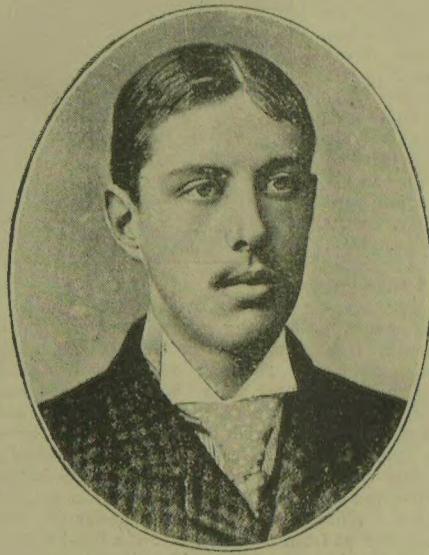
3. T. A. COOK, Wadham.



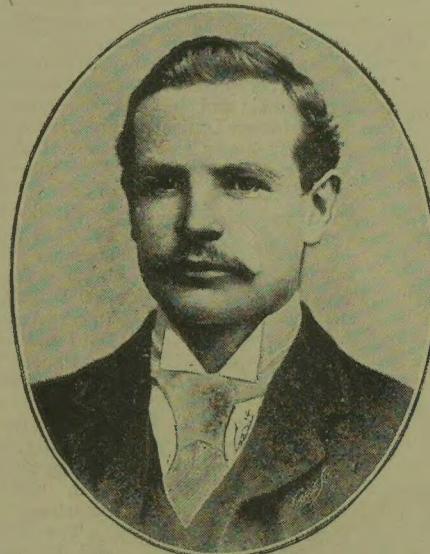
4. F. C. DRAKE, New.



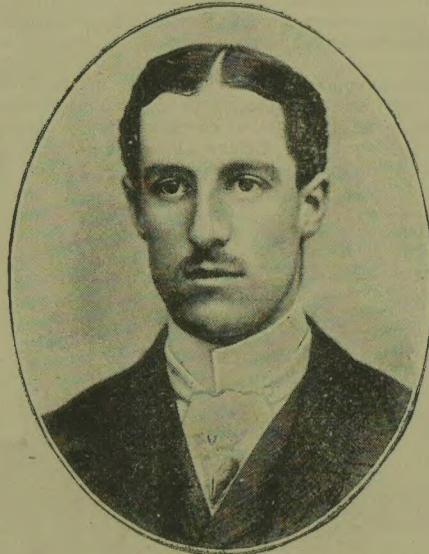
5. LORD AMPHILL, New.



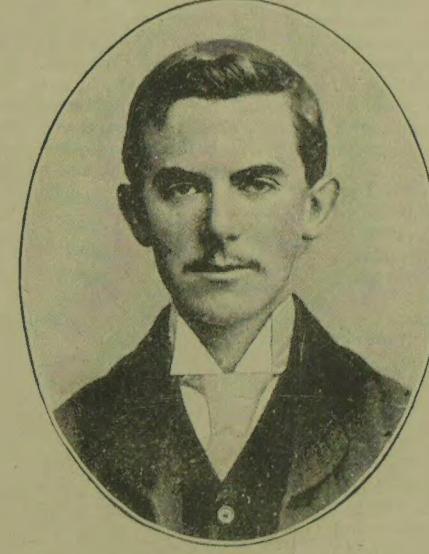
6. H. R. PARKER, Brasenose.



7. G. NICKALLS, Magdalen.



W. F. C. HOLLAND, Brasenose (stroke).



J. P. H. LONSDALE, New (cox).

## THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE: THE OXFORD CREW.

in the civil and ecclesiastical courts. These men were among the founders of the Cambridge University Boat Club. The Oxford University Boat Club was not established till 1839; but College rowing matches had existed at Oxford much longer than at Cambridge. The two Universities did not again contend on the water until June 17, 1836, when they rowed against each other from Westminster to Putney, and Cambridge won an easy victory. Their next race, over the same course, was on April 3, 1839; the Cambridge men, of whom E. S. Stanley was captain, and among whom was Brett, of Caius College, now Lord Esher, Master of the Rolls, had then developed their style of rowing, and beat a good Oxford crew by one minute and a half. The Putney to Mortlake course was adopted in 1845, and has been used annually for nearly thirty years past.

Dr. Morgan, in his book "University Oars," treats very fully of the ethics of University rowing. Limiting his "Old Blues" to Putney oarsmen, and his "Honours," in the case of Oxford to first and second class in the "Great" Schools, and

in the case of Cambridge to first and second class "Wranglers" and "Senior Optimates," and in each case excluding coxswains, he finds an average of honour men amongst Oxford oarsmen of 13 per cent, and at Cambridge of 25 per cent. Mr. Clarke (one of the Oxford crew of 1859) in a pamphlet on the "Intellectual Influence of Athleticism," quoted by Dr. Morgan, states the average of first-class men amongst University men generally to be 30 per cent; amongst cricketers, 42 per cent; amongst "rowing men" (he appears to include under this head all who have rowed in their College eight) 45 per cent. Dr. Morgan has gone into the question so thoroughly that those interested in the subject cannot do better than read his book, which in all statistical details has the merit of accuracy. It was published by Macmillan in 1873. It is a significant fact that in many instances the men who have taken highest University honours are those who have distinguished themselves on the river. On the other hand, several distinguished "strokes" in the University boats have proved themselves capable of attaining high distinctions

in the most diverse professional, scientific, and public careers. One instance is that of M. Waddington, who became the French Prime Minister; another was the late Mr. W. Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society; besides many eminent Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle are closed to the public until further orders.

The restoration at Peterborough Cathedral is now practically at a standstill for want of funds; £25,000 has been expended upon the fabric, and as much more is wanted to complete the work.

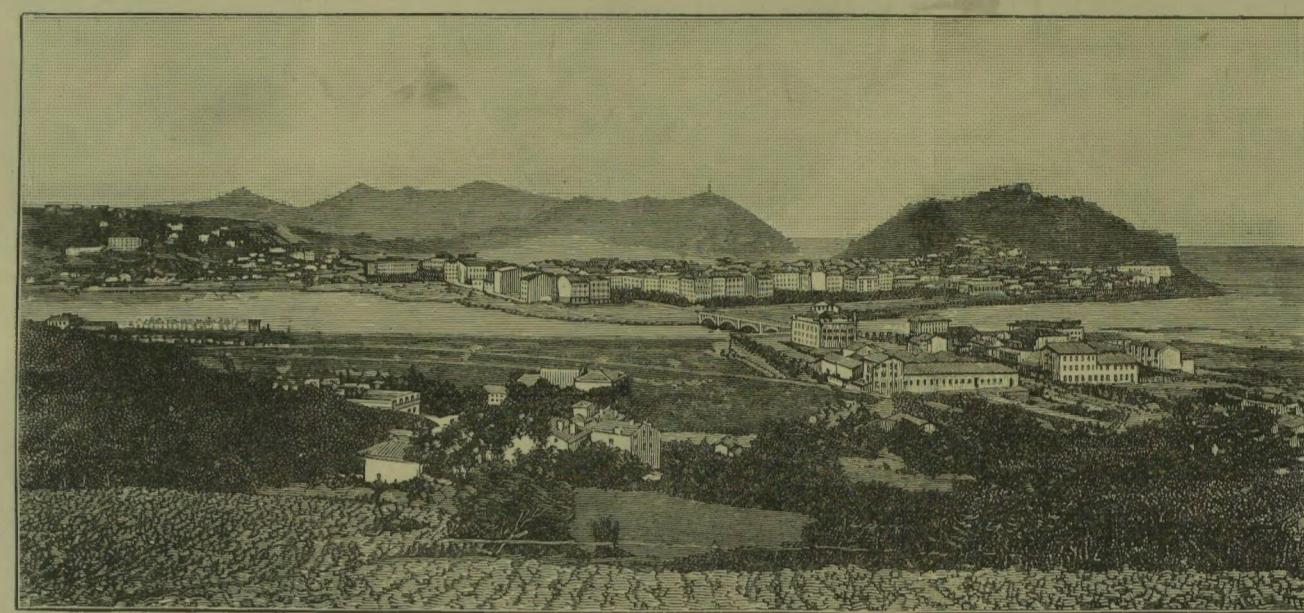
The Empress Frederick has accepted from Miss Ada Bell a small oil-painting of violets "In memoriam" of the late Emperor's favourite flower; and Count Seckendorff writes to tell "Miss Bell that her Majesty is delighted with the little picture, and had often admired Miss Bell's drawings." Her Majesty has presented Miss Bell with a personal gift.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The result of the "output"—as miners would say—in the world of theatres recently has been one new play and one new actress, who promises eventually to make her mark. The new play is a small one—too small, I fear, for a regular evening programme, unless it is backed up by some strong one-act drama; but, still, the little play is a clever one, and the author has some genuine fun in his composition. Mr. J. W. Pigott, a near relative to our clever and genial examiner of stage plays, has been acting for some time past with considerable success in America. And now he returns to give us a new comic play, called "The Bookmaker," written with a free, light hand, and in a thoroughly good-humoured fashion. No gall or cynicism, no sneering or satire, appear to enter into the composition of our young author. He would make everyone happy and laugh merrily. He holds that the playhouse is no place for those of the rufous countenance, or for pessimists and grumblers; and so he shows how even the despised "layer of odds," though supposed to be a thief and a shark, is in reality the kindest and most generous creature in the world when his heart is touched. Lucky for Mr. Pigott that he induced Mr. Edward Terry to play the funny hero of his little comedy. It might have suited Mr. Toole; it certainly does exactly fit Mr. Terry, who kept his audience in roars of laughter during one of the recent dull and depressing afternoons. Mr. Terry, with his quaint, sharp, spasmodic style, popped up whenever there was some good work to be done, or some difficult knot to be untied, and he kept the ball rolling, which is the one thing of importance to do in a modern farce. They are all built round an important prop, and when that prop is weak down comes the farce. Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Toole are amongst the best of our supports for modern farcical plays. But in this case it was not wholly a one-part play, although Mr. Terry did yeoman's service. Miss Marie Linden, a young actress not sufficiently appreciated, was really charming, engaging, and natural as a young girl with sporting propensities, and who loves the stable better than the boudoir. With all her slang she was refined; with all her chaff she was thoroughly well bred. It was a true and accurate picture of a modern type of girl. The list of old-fashioned, courtly gentlemen, English born and English bred, contributed to the stage by Mr. Alfred Bishop is practically exhaustless. In this play he gave us one more perfectly-finished sketch. He was the typical squire; why, his square-cut coat showed that. Where in the name of wonder did Mr. Bishop get that coat, except from the wardrobe of a fox-hunting squire or a County Magistrate of the old school? A new actress from Australia, called Miss Watt Tanner, appeared in a character which is almost the facsimile of the adventuress Minna in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She is a fine, handsome lady, with a striking appearance; but she was not quite up to the note of pathos which the author had given her. As the bold "hussy" she was admirable; but broke down a bit as the humiliated and repentant woman. Mr. Pigott was able to see his play well rehearsed and satisfactorily produced. He would do well to follow up his good fortune. At any rate, he will be a welcome relief to the younger dramatists, who consider that fun cannot exist without sneers and sarcasm. We want more Middlewicks, and often sigh for poor, lost Henry J. Byron, whose fun was never spiteful. The joke of seeing

## FONTARABIA AND SAN SEBASTIAN.

The Queen's sojourn at Biarritz has afforded an opportunity of visiting the places of interest beyond the frontier that divides France from Spain. The railway passes along the coast by St. Jean de Luz, a small town at the mouth of the Nivelle, where in 1690 Louis XIV. was married to the Spanish Princess, from whom a branch of the Bourbon family derive their claim to the throne of Spain; and by Hendaye, where the passage of the Bidassoa, the frontier river, was forced by the Duke of Wellington in 1813, driving Soult's army from the neighbouring hill of La Rhune. On the Spanish side of this river is Fontarabia, a sonorous name, more correctly written Fuenterrabia, and one which haunts the memory of readers of English poetry; though it is not historically the fact that here "Charlemagne with all his peerage fell;" or that the "blast of that wild horn" of the chivalrous Roland which split the rocks of Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, was prolonged by Fontarabia's echoes at a distance of some thirty miles. Fontarabia, the Roman "Fons Ravidus," is a little Basque town of 2500 inhabitants, with a castle built in the tenth century by Sancho Abarca, King of Navarre, but



SAN SEBASTIAN, VISITED BY THE QUEEN FROM BIARRITZ.

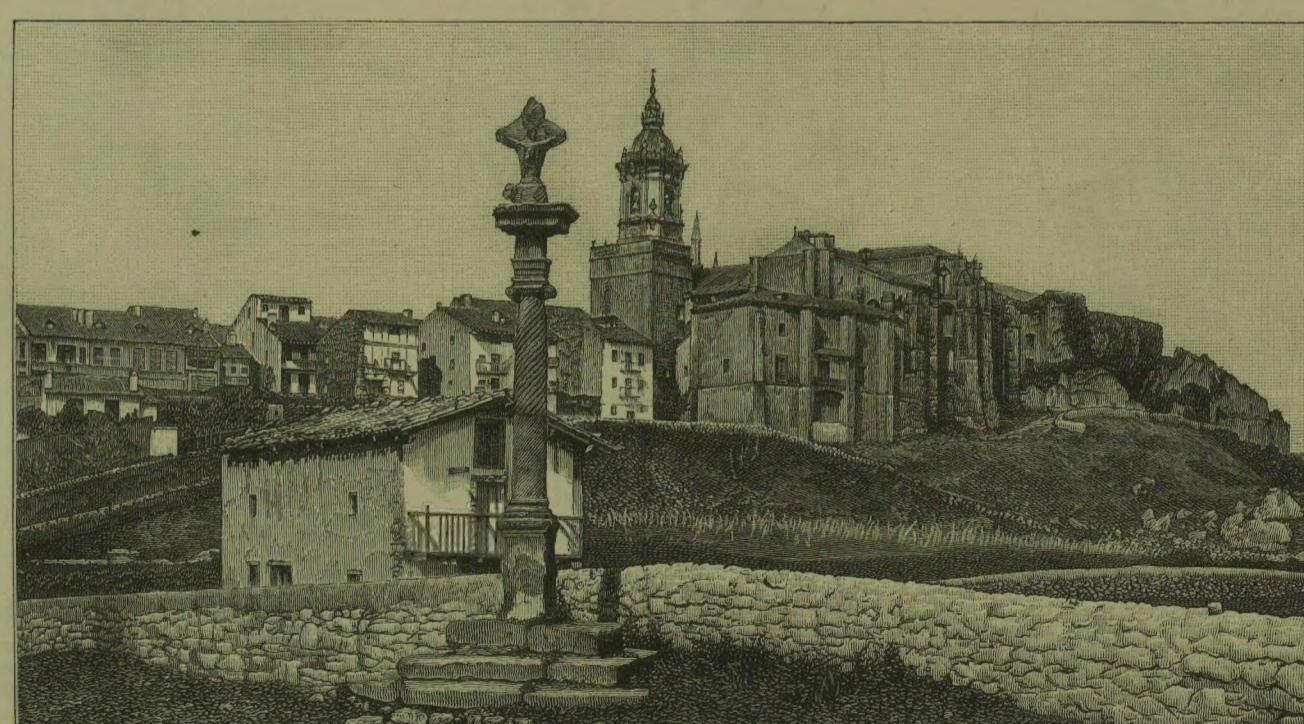
altered and enlarged by Charles V. It has also an old Gothic church, the exterior of which is transformed by Renaissance architects. A few miles westward, in the Spanish province of Guipuzcoa, is the town of Irún, near which, on the hill of San Marcial, the Spaniards towards the end of the Peninsular War defeated a superior force of French troops under General Reille. The situation of Irún is rather inland; but near it is the harbour of Puerto de Pasajes, where fleets have lain in time of war, and naval actions have been performed. San Sebastian, a city of 22,000 people, is built on an isthmus at the foot of Monte Orgullo, a promontory between two bays, which are commanded by the batteries of the Castillo de la Mota on the height. It was held by 3000 French soldiers, in 1813, against the English, who captured the town by assault, with immense carnage and slaughter on both sides, and the upper citadel surrendered. The siege had continued sixty days, and 3500 British were killed or wounded. The town has much coasting trade, with steamers running to Bayonne, in one direction, and to Bilbao and Santander in the other.

A banquet to commemorate the jubilee of the Royal Agricultural Society and the Queen's presidency was given at St. James's Palace on March 26, by command of her Majesty. The Prince of Wales presided, Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Cambridge being also present.—The Prince and Princess,

Queen Victoria has made numerous excursions in the neighbourhood of Biarritz. Her Majesty received a visit from Princess Amelie of Schleswig-Holstein, sister to Prince Christian, on March 20. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove through Bayonne St. Etienne, where they were shown over the Gards Cemeteries by Mr. Philip Hurt. On returning to Biarritz the Queen visited Princess Frederica of Hanover. Lord Lytton had the honour of dining with her Majesty in the evening. Her Majesty received the news of the birth of her eighth greatgrandchild, the son of her dear granddaughter Princess Henry of Prussia, Princess Irene of Hesse. Both mother and child are going on as well as possible. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, drove on the 21st to Port Vieux. In the afternoon, although a heavy gale was blowing, her Majesty took a drive along the seacoast. After luncheon an exhibition of Basque national dances was given in the garden of the Villa La Rocheoucauld by some natives brought specially from the Basque Provinces by the local authorities. The Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Lord and Lady Lytton, Mr. Austin Lee, and the officers of the Queen's Guard were invited to the villa to view the dancing. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at Biarritz, and with Princess Amelie of Schleswig-Holstein, dined with the Queen in the evening. The Société Chorale de Bayonne sang before the Queen and the Royal family at the Pavillon La Rocheoucauld in the evening under the direction of M. Alfred Peria. Princess Frederica, Baron Von Pawel - Ramminger, and Princess Amelie of Schleswig-Holstein were present, and the following had the honour of being invited:—The Duke and Duchess of Rutland, the Earl and Countess of Lytton, Mrs. Whalley, Major-General Cecil Ives, the Rev. W. H. Bliss, and the Rev. G. E. Broade. On the 22nd the Queen and Princess Louise visited Port Vieux, and

then drove through the town in the direction of La Négresse. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess drove in the direction of Bayonne. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne lunched with the Queen, and dined at the villa in the evening. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Marquis of Lorne, and Sir Henry Ponsonby, paid a visit on the 23rd to the Basque town of Fontarabia, and inspected the various objects of interest there, returning by way of Hendaye. On Sunday morning, the 24th, the Queen, Princess Louise, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Marquis of Lorne, and the members of the household, attended Divine service in the Villa La Rocheoucauld; the Rev. G. E. Broade, the British chaplain, officiating. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Churchill and the Hon. Harriet Phipps. The Infanta Eulalia and her husband, Don Antonio de Montpensier, arrived from Madrid, and were received by the Queen in the afternoon. The Hon. A. C. Barrington, First Secretary of the British Embassy at Madrid, also arrived from the Spanish capital, in order to complete the arrangements for the meeting between Queen Victoria and the Queen-Regent at San Sebastian. The Queen and Princess Louise took a drive on the 25th; and in the afternoon the Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg drove out together. The Municipal Band played in the gardens of the Villa La Rocheoucauld during luncheon. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne left Biarritz for Arcachon, and the Infanta Eulalia and Prince Antoine for Madrid. Lord and Lady Lytton left for Pau. The Queen's visit to the Queen-Regent of Spain at San Sebastian on the 27th was of an official character, her Majesty travelling as Queen of England, and not as the Countess of Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor paid a visit to York Minister in the morning of March 21, and made a careful inspection of the interior, under the guidance of the Dean and Lady Emma Purey-Cust, and Lord Forester, the Canon-in-Residence. In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses returned to Marlborough House. On the same day the Prince, accompanied by her daughters, visited the Alexandra Home at South Kensington. On the 22nd the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses



FONTARABIA, VISITED BY THE QUEEN FROM BIARRITZ.

accompanied by their three daughters, honoured with a visit to the thirty-sixth annual exhibition of pictures by foreign artists at the French Gallery, 120, Pall-mall, and Mr. Maclean's picture-gallery in the Haymarket.

The new Education Code, which was issued on March 25, contains many alterations, some of considerable importance.

Mr. Carlton A. Smith, Mr. Anderson Hague, and Miss Kate M. Whitley have been elected members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

A deputation of Certifying Factory Surgeons, accompanied by several members of Parliament, had an interview with the Home Secretary on March 25 to advocate their cause and that of the public health by the continuance and enlargement of their duties, which were lately objected to by a section of the cotton manufacturers of a part of Lancashire.

## THE COURT.

Louise and Victoria, were present at an evening party given by the French Ambassador and Madame Waddington at the French Embassy. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princess Louise, dined with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Goschen at their residence in Portland-place on the 23rd. On Sunday morning, the 24th, the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. The Prince, accompanied by the Princess and their three daughters, on Monday, the 25th, opened the large and commodious Drill-ball, which has lately been erected in Duke's-road, Euston-road, by the Artists' Volunteer Corps.

The seventieth anniversary of the birthday of the Duke of Cambridge was celebrated in London on March 26 in the customary manner.

An Order of Council has been passed prohibiting the landing of animals from Germany, on account of foot-and-mouth disease.

The Lord Mayor has received from the Committee at Glasgow a first instalment of £500 of the donations now being raised there in aid of the Fund for the Relief of the Sufferers by the Famine in China.—By direction of Cardinal Manning, collections were made on Sunday, March 24, in all the Roman Catholic churches of his archdiocese in aid of the fund for the relief of the famine in China.

C. S.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The mournful tidings of John Bright's death occasioned the deepest regret. The prolonged sufferings of the eminent statesman came to an end on the morning of March the Twenty-seventh. All classes, from the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales to the humblest weaver in Rochdale, unite in condoling with the bereaved family of Mr. Bright. Parliament laments the loss of one of the most single-minded of public men, an orator of unsurpassed eloquence, and a "Tribune of the People" whose political prescience was without equal in his prime. The silvery voice of Mr. Bright is hushed for ever; but his incomparable speeches, models of good English, collected and published by Professor Thorold Rogers, will serve as classics to inspire generations of Englishmen with a noble rhetorical style and with the spirit of liberty and justice.

The Duke of Buckingham is rightfully regarded as so admirable a successor to the late Earl of Redesdale as Chairman of Committees in the Lords that it is to be hoped his Grace's indisposition is not serious. Meantime, the House, on Lord Salisbury's motion, has made a happy choice of a Deputy-Chairman in Earl Beauchamp, who has of late seemed to cast sheep's-eye glances at the front Ministerial bench he adorned in the first Administration of the noble Marquis.

The Earl of Carnarvon is by no manner of means inclined to hide the shining light of the House of Peers under a bushel. Nay, since his reappearance on the bench behind Ministers, the noble Earl has shown a desire to trim and develop this light to the utmost. Possibly, this unceasing

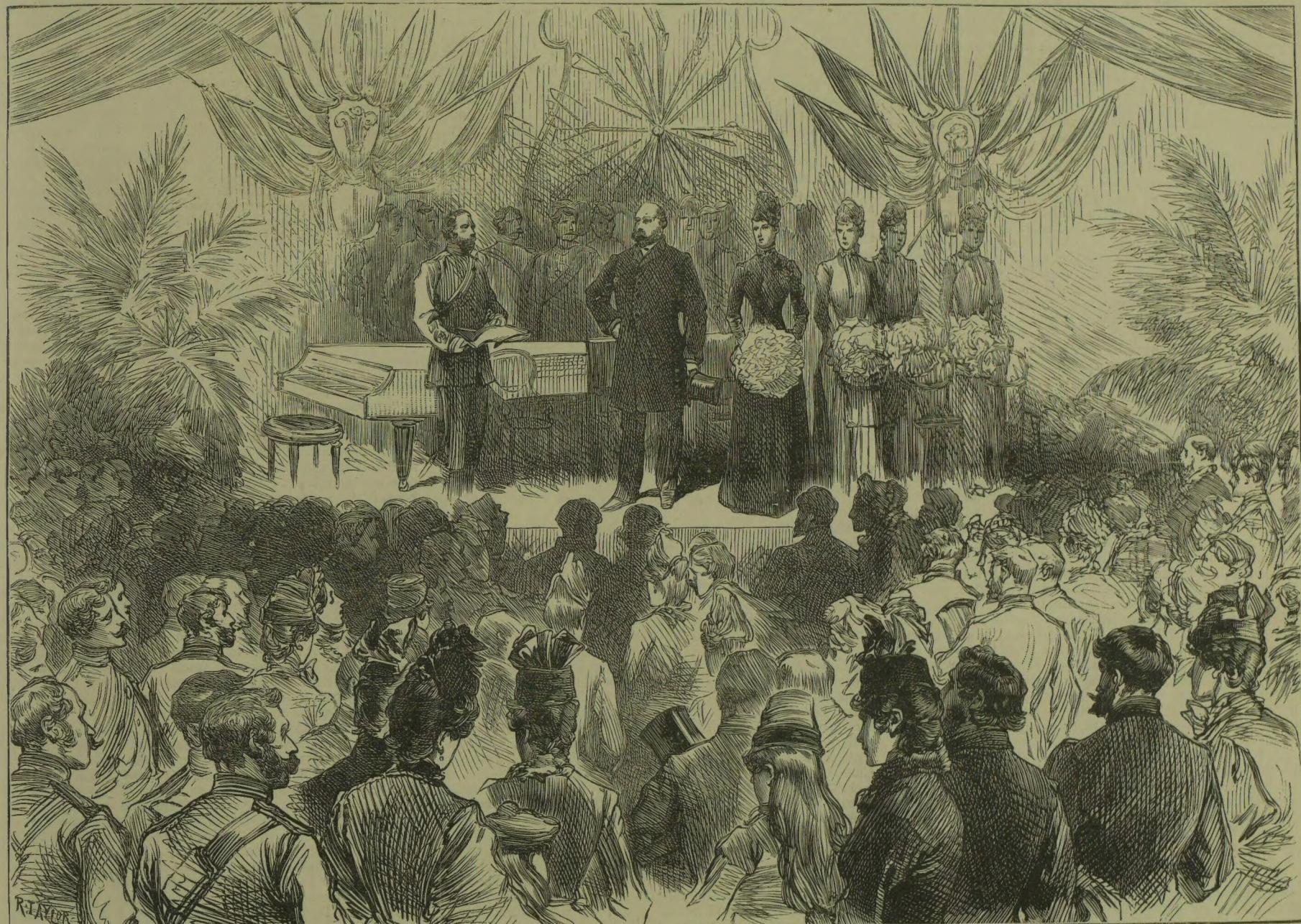
activity indicates that "Barkis is willin'" on invitation, to rejoin the Marquis of Salisbury as Minister of State. Whether that be the case or not, Lord Carnarvon, in the penultimate week of March, courageously took up the question of the "black sheep" who may chance to stray into the sacred fold, under the present dispensation, in the belief that he had hit upon the best way to exclude them. The ensuing debate was of interest, if academic. Lord Rosebery, with logical force, went straight to the point when he said the evil was an inherent part of the hereditary principle peculiar to the Upper Chamber. But their Lordships, with exemplary modesty, declined to "bell the cat"; and the Earl of Carnarvon's motion caused no change to be made in the Constitution.

The succession of election reverses appears to have told on the Government. The blithe smiles of a week or two ago had vanished from Ministers when they reassembled in the House of Lords on the Twenty-fifth of March. Gone was the radiant laugh from the bearded face of Lord Salisbury as he had his preliminary chat with Lord Halsbury on the woolsack; and it could hardly be expected to reappear when he sank into his seat next dry-looking Lord Knutsford. The genial spell of Lord Halsbury was, meanwhile, potent as ever. Thus, while Lord Strathearn and Campbell, with dignified mien and more or less sonorous voice, was prosing on the Colonial Conference, the personal magic of Lord Halsbury had attracted to the woolsack at one and the same time beaming Baron Herschell and stalwart Lord Ashbourne. These legal luminaries held whispered converse with the Lord Chancellor, of whom and his many friends it might be said—

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Mr. Gladstone, detained at home by the death of Sir Thomas Gladstone, was conspicuous by his absence from the

front Opposition bench during the formidable arraignment of Mr. Balfour and Sir Richard Webster. Hence possibly the acrimonious spice with which the allegations against the Secretary for Ireland and the Attorney-General were surcharged. Mr. Gladstone's lieutenancy was shared by Mr. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt. In accusing the Government of taking part in the *Times*' case against Mr. Parnell, Mr. Morley on the Twenty-first of March vigorously assailed Mr. Balfour, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Smith; but was resolutely answered by Mr. Balfour, whose response, however, did not agree in one important particular with the Home Secretary's previous answer. The following evening, Sir William Harcourt took up the parable, and with elephantine vigour inveighed against Sir Richard Webster's conduct of the case before the Special Commission. It can hardly be denied with fairness that the Attorney-General's zeal outran his discretion in his early statements regarding the letters now known to have been forged by Mr. Pigott. But Sir Richard Webster's skill as a special pleader stood him in good stead, and his reply to Sir William Harcourt aroused the enthusiastic cheers of Ministerialists. The discussion was of service, as it gave Mr. Parnell the opportunity to directly challenge Ministerialists by nod or word to support the idea that the letters were genuine. The silence of hon. members gave consent to the verdict that the epistles were forged by the late Mr. Pigott. A technical mistake of Sir Richard Webster brought up Sir Charles Russell on the Twenty-fifth of March with a recital from the report of the Special Commission to prove the Attorney-General was wrong with regard to the handing in of Pigott's letter to Mr. Soames. But Sir Richard Webster's response showed that, "e'en though vanquished, he could argue still." These personal recriminations done with, Mr. Cremer's plea for a "small Navy" was disposed of.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES OPENING THE NEW HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE 20TH MIDDLESEX (ARTISTS') VOLUNTEER CORPS.

## THE "ARTISTS'" VOLUNTEER CORPS.

On Monday, March 25, the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, performed the ceremony of opening the new headquarters of the 20th Middlesex (Artists') Rifle Volunteers, at Duke's-road, Euston-road. The building, the façade of which is in the style of the Renaissance, has been erected from designs by the Colonel of the regiment, Colonel R. W. Edis, F.S.A., who acted as honorary architect. Over the entrance is a large medallion, executed by Mr. Brock, A.R.A., a Lieutenant in the corps. The new building affords every accommodation for the requirements of the corps, and comprises a spacious drill-hall, 100 ft. long by 52 ft. wide.

On their arrival their Royal Highnesses were received at the entrance to the new building by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. (the Honorary Colonel), Colonel Edis, Major Ridge, Major Bruce, and Captain and Adjutant Gore-Browne. The Princess of Wales and the three Princesses were presented with bouquets by Mrs. Edis and her daughters, after which the Royal party were escorted to a dais in the drill-hall, a choir of the regiment meanwhile singing "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and the whole audience standing. In attendance upon their Royal Highnesses were Lady Merton, General Ellis, and General Sir Dighton Probyn. Among others present were Major-General Sir R. Gipps, K.C.B., and Lady Gipps, Major-General Fremantle, C.B., Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford and Lady Chelmsford, Major-General Lord Abinger, C.B., Lieutenant-General Higginson, Colonel Stracey, Brigadier-General Lord Wantage, Colonel Sir R. Hanson and Lady Hanson, Major-General Dunne, and Sir Henry Edwardes. Colonel Edis in a short speech expressed the gratification felt by all the

members of the corps at their Royal Highnesses' presence on that occasion.

The Prince of Wales, in reply, said:—"I assure you, both the Princess and myself, as well as our children, are much gratified in coming here to open your new head-quarters. We are well aware how distinguished a regiment this is, and has been since the commencement of the Volunteer movement thirty years ago. At that time it had fewer members; but, thanks to Sir Frederic Leighton, who I am glad to see here to-day, and yourself, it has increased greatly in numbers up to the present day. I have no hesitation in saying that I know your corps has always maintained a high state of efficiency, and it is one which, I am sure, is likely to remain in that excellent state. It must be a matter of congratulation to you not only that your new head-quarters are open to-day, but that you should have been both the Colonel of the regiment and the architect of these buildings. I only hope that they may prove most useful, and that the regiment you command may long remain in the satisfactory state in which I am fully aware it is at the present time."

Colonel Edis briefly replied, and their Royal Highnesses then left the dais and took their seats in the body of the hall, where they remained during an entertainment in which Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick (Artists' R.V.), M. Tivadar Nachez, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Brandon Thomas (Artists' R.V.), Mr. John Le Hay, and other artistes took part. There was a smoking-concert in the evening.

The Rector of Penarth, Glamorganshire, announces that he has received from Lord Windsor a gift of £3000 towards the

building fund of the proposed new church, and his Lordship has also promised to grant a free site, of the value of £3000, for the church in Victoria-road. The church will stand in a square of three and a half acres.

The Portrait of the late Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street; and that of the late Mr. W. F. Donkin, from one by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford-street.

The annual meeting of the members of the Association of Municipal Corporations took place on March 21 at the Guildhall, to which they were welcomed by the Lord Mayor. Mr. Woodall, M.P., was re-elected president, and, various resolutions having been disposed of, the members were entertained at the Mansion House.

P. H. Bradford, of the Grocers' Company's School, Clapton, has been awarded the prize given by the Syndicate of the Cambridge Local Examinations for the best boy among the junior candidates. There were 4974 boys entered for the examination. Thirty boys from the Grocers' Company's School obtained honours, sixteen being placed in the first class.

In declining an invitation to attend at Bangor to inaugurate the Welsh Dialect Society, Prince Louis Lucien Buonaparte writes:—"The philological study of the living Welsh dialect, phonetically represented according to their popular pronunciation, is one of the linguistic subjects in which I take the greatest interest, and, although neither my age nor health permits me to dedicate to it, as I have done in the past, a portion of my time, yet it is impossible for me not to congratulate the members of the University College of North Wales on their undertaking such a study so important to Celtic scholars and linguists generally."

## CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND,

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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## CHAPTER XV.

OF THE AWAKING OF HARMACHIS; OF THE SIGHT OF DEATH; OF THE COMING OF CLEOPATRA; AND OF HER COMFORTABLE WORDS.



more I awoke; 'twas to find myself in my own chamber. I started up. Surely, I, too, had dreamed a dream? It could be nothing but a dream? It could not be that I woke to know myself a traitor! That the opportunity had gone for ever! That I had betrayed the cause, and that last night, those brave men, headed by my uncle, had waited in vain at the outer gate! That Egypt from Abu unto Athu was even now waiting—waiting in vain! Nay, whatever else might be, this could not be! Oh, 't was an awful dream that I had dreamed! A second such would slay a man! 'T were better to die than face such another vision sent from hell. But though the thing was naught but a hateful fantasy of a mind o'erstrained, where

was I now? where was I now? I should be in the Alabaster Hall, waiting till Charmion came forth.

Where was I? and O ye Gods! what was that dreadful thing whose shape was as the shape of a man?—that thing draped in bloodstained white and huddled in a hideous heap even at the foot of the couch whereon I seemed to lie?

With a shriek I sprang at it, as a lion springs, and struck with all my strength. Heavily fell the blow and beneath its weight the thing rolled over upon its side. Half mad with terror, I rent away the white covering; and there, his knees bound beneath his hanging jaw, was the naked body of a man—and that man the Roman Captain Paulus! There he lay, through his heart a dagger—my dagger, handled with the sphinx of gold!—and pinned by its blade to his broad breast a scroll, and on the scroll, writing in the Roman character. I drew near and read, and this was the writing:—

HARMACHIDI · SALVERE · EGO · SUM · QUEM · SUBDERE · NORAS · PAULUS · ROMANUS · DISCE · HINC · QUID · FRODERE · PROSIT.

"Greeting, Harmachis! I was that Roman Paulus whom thou didst suborn. See now how blessed are traitors!"

Sick and faint I staggered back from the sight of that white corpse stained with its own blood. Sick and faint I staggered back, till the wall stayed me, while without the birds sang a merry greeting to the day. So it was no dream, and I was lost! lost! lost!

I thought of my aged father Amenemhat. Yea, the vision of him flashed into my mind, as he would be, when they came to tell him his son's shame and the ruin of his hopes. I thought of that patriot priest, my uncle Sepa, waiting the long night through for the signal which never came. Ah, and another thought followed swift! How would it go with them? I was not the only traitor. I, too, had been betrayed. By whom? By yonder Paulus, perchance. If 'twere Paulus, he knew but little of those who conspired with me. But in my robe had been the secret lists. O Amen! they were gone! and the fate of Paulus would be the fate of all the patriots of Egypt. And at this thought my mind gave way. I sank and swooned even where I stood.

My sense came back to me, and the lengthening shadows told me that it was afternoon. I staggered to my feet; there still was the corpse of Paulus, keeping its awful watch above me. Desperately I ran to the door. 'Twas barred, and without I heard the tramp of sentinels. As I stood, they challenged and grounded their spears. Then the bolts were shot back, the door opened, and radiant, clad in Royal attire, came the conquering Cleopatra. Alone she came, and the door was shut behind her. I stood like one distraught; but she swept on till she was face to face with me.

"Greeting, Harmachis," she said, smiling sweetly. "So, my messenger has found thee!" and she pointed to the corpse of Paulus. "Pah! he has an ugly look. Ho! guards!"

The door was opened, and two armed Gauls stepped across the threshold.

"Take away this carrion," said Cleopatra, "and fling it to the kites. Stay, draw that dagger from his traitor breast." The men bowed low, and the knife, rusted red with blood, was dragged from the heart of Paulus and laid upon the table. Then they seized him by the head and body and staggered thence, and I heard their heavy footfalls as they bore him down the stairs.

"Methinks, Harmachis, thou art in an evil case!" she said, when the sound of the footfalls had died away. "How strangely doth the wheel of Fortune turn! But for that traitor," and she nodded towards the door by which the corpse of Paulus had been carried, "I should now be as ill a thing to look on as he is, and the red rust on yonder knife would have been gathered from my heart."

So it was Paulus who had betrayed me.

"Aye," she went on, "and when thou camest to me last night, well I knew that thou camest to slay. When, time upon time, thou didst place thy hand within thy robe, I knew that it grasped a dagger-hilt, and that thou wast gathering thy courage to the deed which little thou didst love to do. Oh! it was a strange, wild hour well worth the living, and greatly, from moment to moment, did I wonder which of us twain would conquer, as we matched guile with guile and force to force!"

"Yea, Harmachis, the guards tramp before thy door, but be not deceived. Knew I not that I do hold thee to me by bonds more strong than prison chains—knew I not that I am hedged from ill at thy hands by a fence of honour more hard for thee to pass than all the spears of all my legions, thou hast been dead ere now, Harmachis. See, here is thy knife," and she handed me the dagger; "now slay me if thou canst,"

and she drew near and tore open the bosom of her robe, and stood waiting with calm eyes.

"Thou canst not slay me," she went on, "for there are things, as I know well, that no man—no such man as thou art—may do and live: and this is the chief of them—to slay the woman who is all his own. Nay, stay thy hand! Turn not that dagger against thy breast, for if me thou mayst not slay, by how much the more mayst thou not slay thyself, O thou forsaken Priest of Isis! Art thou, then, so eager to face that outraged Majesty in Amenti? With what eyes, thinkest thou, will the Heavenly Mother look upon her son who, shamed in all things and false to his most sacred vow, comes to greet Her, his life-blood on his hands? Where, then, will be the space for thy atonement?—if, indeed, thou mayst atone!"

Then I could bear no more, for my heart was broken within me. Alas! it was too true—I dared not die! To such a pass was I come that I did not even dare to die! I flung myself upon the couch and wept—wept tears of blood and anguish.

But Cleopatra came to me, and, seating herself beside me, she strove to comfort me, throwing her arms about my neck.

"Nay, Love, look up," she said; "all is not lost for thee, nor am I angered against thee. We did play a mighty game; but, as I warned thee, I matched my woman's magic against thine, and I have conquered. But I will be open with thee. Both as Queen and woman thou hast my pity—aye, and more; nor do I love to see thee plunged in sorrow. Well was it and right that thou shouldst strive to win back that throne my fathers seized, and the ancient liberty of Egypt. Myself as lawful Queen had done the same; nor shrunk from the deed of darkness whereto I was sworn. Therein, then, thou hast my sympathy, that goes ever out to what is great and bold. Well is it also that thou shouldst grieve over the greatness of thy fall. Therein, then, as woman—as loving woman—thou hast my sympathy. Nor is all lost. The plan was foolish—for, as I hold, Egypt never might have stood alone—for though thou hadst won the crown and country—as without a doubt thou must have done—yet was there the Roman to be reckoned with. And for thy hope learn this: little am I known. There is no heart in this wide land that beats with a truer love for ancient Khem than does this heart of mine—nay, not thine own, Harmachis. But heavily have I been shackled heretofore—for wars, rebellions, envies, plots, have hemmed me in on every side, so that I might not serve my people as I would. But thou, Harmachis, shalt show me how. Thou shalt be my counsellor and my love. Is it a little thing, O Harmachis, to have won the heart of Cleopatra; that heart—fie on thee!—that thou wouldst have stilled? Aye, thou shalt unite me to my people and together will we reign, linking thus in one the new kingdom and the old and the new thought and the old. Thus do all things work for good—aye, for the very best: and thus, by another and a gentler road, shalt thou climb to Pharaoh's throne.

"See thou this, Harmachis: thy treachery shall be cloaked about as much as may be. Was it, then, thy fault that a Roman knave betrayed thy plans? that, thereon, thou wast drugged, thy secret papers stolen and their key guessed? Will it, then, be a blame to thee that, the great plot being broken and those who built it scattered, thou, still faithful to thy trust, didst serve thee of such means as Nature gave thee, and win the heart of Egypt's Queen, that, through her gentle love, thou mightest yet attain thy ends and spread thy wings of power across the rolling Nile? Am I an ill-counsellor, thinkest thou, Harmachis?"

I lifted my head, and a ray of hope crept into the darkness of my heart; for when men fall they grasp at feathers. Then, for the first time, I spoke:

"And those with me—those who trusted me—what of them?"

"Aye," she answered, "Amenemhat, thy father, the aged Priest of Abydos; and Sepa, thy uncle, that fiery patriot, whose great heart is hid beneath so common a shell of form; and—"

Methought she would have said Charmion, but she named her not.

"And many others—oh, I know them all!"

"Aye!" I said, "what of them?"

"See thou, Harmachis," she answered, rising and placing her hand upon my arm, "for thy sake I will show mercy to them. No more will I do than must be done. I swear by my throne and by all the Gods of Egypt that not one hair of thy aged father's head shall be harmed by me; and, if it be not too late, thy uncle Sepa will I also spare, aye, and the others. I will not do as did my forefather Epiphanes, who, when the Egyptians rose against him, dragged Athinis, Pausiras, Chesuphis, and Irobashus, bound to his chariot—not as Achilles dragged Hector, but yet living—round the city walls. I will spare them all, save the Hebrews, if there be any Hebrews; for the Jews I hate."

"There are no Hebrews," I said.

"It is well," she said, "for no Hebrew will I ever spare. Am I then, indeed, so cruel a woman as they say? In thy list, O Harmachis, were many doomed to die; and I have but taken the life of one Roman knave, a double traitor, for he betrayed both me and thee. Art thou not overwhelmed, Harmachis, with the weight of mercy which I give thee, because—such are a woman's reasons—thou pleases me, Harmachis? Nay, by Serapis!" she added with a little laugh, "I'll change my mind; I will not give thee so much for nothing. Thou shalt buy it from me, and the price shall be a heavy one—it shall be a kiss, Harmachis."

"Nay," I said, turning from that fair temptress, "the price is too heavy; I kiss no more."

"Bethink thee," she answered, with a heavy frown. "Bethink thee and choose. I am but a woman, Harmachis, and one who is not wont to sue to men. Do as thou wilt; but this I say to thee—if thou dost put me away, I will gather up the mercy I have meted out. Therefore, most virtuous priest, choose thou 'twixt the heavy burden of my love and the swift death of thy aged father and of all those who plotted with him."

I glanced at her and saw that she was angered, for her eyes shone and her bosom heaved. So, sighing, I kissed her, thereby setting the seal upon my shame and bondage. Then smiling like the triumphant Aphrodite of the Greeks, she went thence, bearing the dagger with her.

Not yet did I know how deeply I was betrayed; or why I still was left to draw the breath of life; or why Cleopatra, the tiger-hearted, had grown merciful. I did not know that she feared to slay me lest, so strong was the plot and so feeble her hold upon the Double Crown, the tumult that might tread hard upon the tidings of my murder should—even when I was no more—shake her from the throne. I did not know that because of fear and the weight of policy only she showed scant mercy to those whom I had betrayed, or that because of cunning and not for the holy sake of woman's love—though, in truth, she liked me well enough—she chose rather to bind me to her by the fibres of my heart. And yet this will I say in her behalf: even when the danger-cloud had melted from her sky she kept her faith, nor, save Paulus and one other, did any suffer the

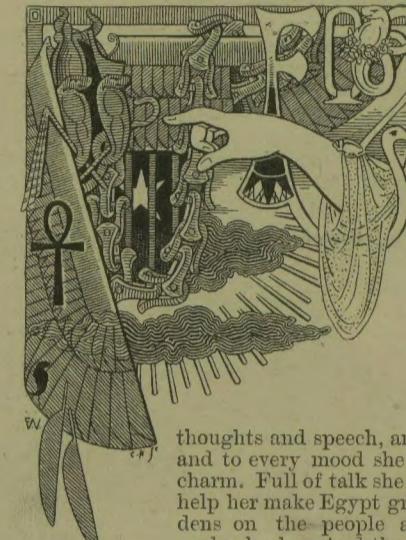
utmost penalty of death for their part in the great plot against Cleopatra's crown and dynasty. But many other things they suffered.

And so she went, leaving the vision of her glory to strive with the shame and sorrow in my heart. Oh, bitter were the hours that could now no more be made light with prayer. For the link between me and the Divine was snapped, and no more did Isis commune with her Priest. Bitter were the hours and dark, but ever through their darkness shone the starry eyes of Cleopatra, and came the echo of her whispered love. For not yet was the cup of sorrow full. Still hope lingered in my heart, and almost could I think that I had failed to some higher end, and that even in the depths of ruin I should find another and more flowery path to triumph.

For thus those who do wickedly deceive themselves, striving to lay the burden of their evil deeds upon the back of Fate, striving to believe their sin may compass good, and to murder Conscience with the sharp plea of Necessity. But naught can it avail, for hand in hand down the path of sin rush Remorse and Ruin, and woe to him they follow! Aye, and woe to me who of all sinners am the chief!

## CHAPTER XVI.

OF THE IMPRISONMENT OF HARMACHIS; OF THE SCORN OF CHARMION; OF THE SETTING FREE OF HARMACHIS; AND OF THE COMING OF QUINTUS DELLIUS.



a space of eleven days was I thus kept imprisoned in my chambers; nor did I see anyone save the sentries at my doors, the slaves who in silence brought me food and drink, and Cleopatra's self, who came continually. But though her words of love were many, naught would she tell me of how things went without. She came in many moods—now gay and laughing, now full of wise

thoughts and speech, and now passionate only, and to every mood she gave some new-found charm. Full of talk she was as to how I should help her make Egypt great and lessen the burdens on the people and fright the Roman eagles back. And though at first I listened heavily when she spoke thus, by slow advance as she wrapped me closer and yet more close in her magic web, from which is no escape, my mind fell in time with hers. Then I, too, opened something of my heart, and somewhat also of the plans that I had formed for Egypt. And she seemed to listen gladly, weighing them well, and spoke of means and methods, telling me how she would purify the Faith and repair the ancient temples—aye, and build new ones to the Gods. And ever she crept deeper and more deep into my heart, till at length, now that all things else had gone from me, I learned to love her with all the unspun passion of my aching soul. I had naught left to me but Cleopatra's love, and I twined my life about it, and brooded o'er it as a widow o'er her only babe. And thus the very author of my shame became my all, my dearest dear, and I loved her with a wild, deep love that grew and grew, till it seemed to swallow up the past and make the present as a dream. For she had conquered me, she had robbed me of my honour and steeped me to the lips in shame, and I, poor fallen, blinded wretch, I kissed the rod that smote me and was her very slave.

Aye, even now, in those dreams which will come when sleep unlocks the secret heart, and sets all its terrors free to roam through the opened halls of thought, I seem to see her Royal form, as erst I saw it, come with arms outstretched and love's own light shining in her deep eyes, with lips apart and flowing locks, and stamped upon her face the look of utter tenderness that she alone could wear. Aye, still, after all the years, I seem to see her come as erst she came, and still I wake to know her an unutterable lie!

And thus one day she came. She had fled in haste, she said, from some great council summoned concerning the wars of Autony in Syria, and she came, as she had left the council, in all her robes of State, and in her hand the sceptre, and on her brow the uraeus diadem of gold. There she sat before me, laughing; for, wearying of them, she had told the envys to whom she gave audience in the council that she was called from their presence by a sudden message come from Rome; and to her the jest seemed merry. Suddenly she rose, took the diadem from her brow, and set it on my hair, and on my shoulders her Royal chlamys, and in my hand the sceptre, and bowed the knee before me. Then, laughing again, she kissed me on the lips, and said I was indeed her King. But, remembering how I had been crowned in the halls of Abouthis, and remembering also that wreath of roses whereof the odour haunts me yet, I rose, pale with wrath, and cast the trinkets from me, asking her how she dared to mock me—her caged bird? And methinks there was that about me that startled her, for she fell back.

"Nay, Harmachis," she said, "be not wroth! How knowest thou that I mock thee? How knowest thou that thou shalt not be Pharaoh in fact and deed?"

"What meanest thou?" I said. "Wilt thou, then, wed me before Egypt? How else can I be Pharaoh now?"

She cast down her eyes. "Perchance, love, 'tis in my mind to wed thee," she said gently. "Listen!" she went on. "Thou growest pale, here, in this prison, and little dost thou eat. Gainsay me not! I know it from the slaves. I have kept thee here, Harmachis, for thine own sake, that is so dear to me; and for thine own sake, and thy honour's sake, must thou still seem to be my prisoner. Else wouldst thou be shamed and slain—aye, murdered secretly. But here can I meet thee no more; therefore to-morrow will I free thee in all, save in the name, and thou shalt once more be seen at Court as my astronomer. And this reason will I give—that thou hast cleared thyself; and, moreover, that thy auguries as regards the war have been auguries of truth—as, indeed, they have, though thereon have I no cause to thank thee, for, methinks, thou didst suit thy prophecies to fit thy cause. Now, farewell; for I must return to those heavy-browed ambassadors; and grow not so sudden wroth, for who knows what may come to pass 'twixt thee and me?"

And, with a little nod, she went, leaving it on my mind that she had it in her heart to take me to husband. And of a truth, I do believe that, at this hour, such was her thought. For, if she loved me not, still, she held me dear, and as yet she had not wearied of me.

On the morrow Cleopatra came not, but Charmion came—Charmion whom I had not seen since that fatal night of ruin.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

*Amidst the blare of trumpets came the Roman in. And while the heralds called out his name, titles, and offices, he fixed his gaze on Cleopatra.*

She entered and stood before me, with pale face and downcast eyes, and her first words were words of bitterness.

"Pardon me," she said, in her gentle voice, "in that I dare to come to thee in Cleopatra's place. Not for long is thy joy delayed, for thou shalt see her presently."

I shrank at her words, as well I might, and, seeing her vantage, she seized it.

"I come, Harmachis—Royal no more!—I come to tell thee that thou art free! Free thou art to face thine own infamy, and see it thrown back from every eye that trusted thee, even as shadows are from water. I come to tell thee that the great

plot—the plot of twenty years and more—is at its utter end. Nonë have been slain, indeed, unless 'tis Sepa, who has vanished. But all the leaders have been seized and put in chains, or driv a from the land, and their party is no more. The storm has melted ere it burst. Khem is lost, and lost for ever, for her last hope is gone! No longer may she struggle—now for all time must she bow her neck to the yoke, and her back to the rod of the oppressor!"

I groaned aloud. "Alas, I was betrayed!" I said, "Paulus betrayed us."

"Thou wast betrayed? Nay, thou thyself wast the be-

trayer! How came it that thou didst not slay Cleopatra when thou wast alone with her? Answer, thou forsworn!"

"She drugged me," I said again.

"O Harmachis!" answered the pitiless girl, "how low art thou fallen from that Prince whom once I knew!—thou who dost not scorn to be a liar! Yea, thou wast drugged—drugged with a love-philtre! Yea, thou didst sell Egypt and thy cause for the price of a wanton's kiss! Thou Sorrow and thou Shame!" she went on, pointing her finger at me and lifting her eyes to my face, "thou Scorn!—thou Outcast!—and thou Contempt! Deny it if thou canst. Aye, shrink from

me—knowing what thou art, well mayst thou shrink! Shrink and crawl to Cleopatra's feet, and kiss her sandals till such time as it pleases her to trample thee in thy kindred dirt; but from all honest folk shrink!—shrink!"

My soul quivered beneath the lash of her bitter scorn and hate, but I had no words to answer.

"How comes it?" I said at last in a heavy voice, "that thou, too, art not betrayed, but art still here to taunt me, thou who once didst swear that thou didst love me? Being a woman, hast thou no pity for the frailty of man?"

"My name was not on the lists," she said, dropping her dark eyes. "Hercin is an opportunity: betray me also, O Harmachis! Aye, 'tis because I once did love thee—dost thou, indeed, remember it?—that I feel thy fall the more. The shame of one whom we once have loved must in some sort become our shame, and must ever cling to us in that we blindly held a thing so base close to our inmost heart. Art thou also, then, a fool? Wouldst thou, fresh from thy Royal wanton's arms, come to me for comfort—to me of all the world?"

"How know I," I said, "that it was not thou who, in thy jealous anger, didst betray our plans? Charmion, long ago Sepa warned me against thee, and of a truth now that I recall!"

"Tis like a traitor," she broke in, reddening to her brow, "to think that all are of his family, and hold a common mind! Nay, I betrayed thee not; 'twas that poor knave, Paulus, whose heart failed him at the last, and who is rightly served. Nor will I stay to hear thoughts so base. Harmachis—Royal no more!—Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, bids me say that thou art free, and that she waits thee in the Alabaster Hall."

And shooting one swift glance through her long lashes she curtseyed and was gone.

So once more I came and went about the Court, though but sparingly, for my heart was full of shame and terror, and on every face I feared to see the scorn of those who knew me for what I was. But naught I saw, for all those who had knowledge of the plot had fled, and for her own sake no word had Charmion spoken. Also Cleopatra had put it about that I was innocent. But my guilt lay heavy on me, and made me thin and wore away the beauty of my countenance. And though I was free in name, yet was I ever watched; nor might I stir beyond the palace grounds.

And at length came the day that brought with it Quintus Dellius, that false Roman knight who ever served the rising star. He bore letters to Cleopatra from Marcus Antonius the Triumvir, who, fresh from the victory of Philippi, was now in Asia wringing gold from the subject kings wherewith to satisfy the greed of his legionaries.

Well do I mind me of the day. Cleopatra, clad in her robes of state, attended by the officers of her Court, among whom I stood, sat in the great hall on her throne of gold, and bade the heralds admit the Ambassador of Antony the Triumvir. The great doors were thrown wide, and amidst the blare of trumpets and salutes of the Gallic guards, clad in glittering golden armour and a scarlet cloak of silk, came the Roman in, followed by his suite of officers. Smooth-faced he was and fair to look upon, and with a supple form; but his mouth was cold, and false were his shifting eyes. And while the heralds called out his name, titles, and offices, as a man who is amazed he fixed his gaze on Cleopatra—who sat idly on her throne all radiant with beauty. Then when the heralds had made an end, and he still stood thus, not stirring, Cleopatra spoke in the Roman tongue—

"Greeting to thee, noble Dellius, envoy of the most mighty Antony, whose shadow lies across the world as though Mars himself now towered up above us petty Princes—greetings and welcome to our poor city of Alexandria. Unfold, we pray thee, the purpose of thy coming."

Still the crafty Dellius made no answer, but stood as a man amazed.

"What ails thee, noble Dellius, that thou dost not speak?" asked Cleopatra. "Hast thou then wandered so long in Asia that the doors of Roman speech are shut to thee? What tongue hast thou? Name it, and we will speak therein—for to us are all tongues known."

Then at last he spoke, in a soft, full voice: "Oh, pardon me, most mighty Egypt, if I have thus been stricken dumb before thee; but too great beauty, like Death himself, doth paralyse the tongue and steal our sense away. The eyes of him who looks upon the fires of the mid-day sun are blind to all beside, and thus this sudden vision of thy glory, Royal Egypt, did o'erwhelm my mind, and leave me helpless and unwitting of all things else."

"Of a truth, noble Dellius," answered Cleopatra, "they teach a pretty school of flattery yonder in Cilicia."

"How goes the saying here in Alexandria?" replied the courtly Roman; "'The breath of flattery cannot waft a cloud,' does it not? But to my task. Here, Royal Egypt, are letters under the hand and seal of the noble Antony treating of certain matters of the State. Is it thy pleasure that I should read them?"

"Break the seals and read," she answered.

And bowing, he broke the seals and read:—

"The *Triumviri Reipublicae Constituende*, by the mouth of Marcus Antonius the Triumvir to Cleopatra, by grace of the Roman people Queen of Upper and Lower Egypt, send greeting. Whereas it has come to our knowledge that thou, Cleopatra, hast, contrary to thy promise and thy duty, both by thy servant Allienus and by thy servant Serapion, the Governor of Cyprus, aided the rebel murderer Cassius against the arms of the most noble Triumvirate. And, whereas it has come to our knowledge that thou thyself wast but lately making ready a great fleet to this end. We summon thee that thou dost without delay journey to Cilicia, there to meet the noble Antony, and in person make answer concerning these charges which are laid against thee. And we warn thee that if thou dost disobey this our summons it is at thy peril. Farewell!"

The eyes of Cleopatra flashed as she hearkened to these high words, and I saw her hands tighten on the golden lion's-heads whereon they rested.

"We have had the flattery," she said; "and now, lest we be cloyed with sweets, we have its antidote! Listen thou, Dellius. The charges in that letter, or, rather, in that writ of summons, are false, as all folk can bear us witness. But it is not now, and it is not to thee, that we will make defence of our acts of war and policy. Nor will we leave our kingdom to journey into far Cilicia, and there, like some poor suppliant at law, plead our cause before the Court of the noble Antony. If Antony will have speech with us, and inquire concerning these high matters, the sea is open and his welcome shall be Royal. Let him come hither. That is our answer to thee and to the Triumvirate, O Dellius!"

But Dellius smiled as one who would put away the weight of wrath, and once more spoke.

"Royal Egypt, thou knowest not the noble Antony. Stern is he on paper, and ever does he set down his thoughts as though his stylus were a spear dipped in the blood of men. But face to face with him, thou, of all the world, shalt find

him the gentlest warrior that ever won a battle. Be advised, O Egypt! and come. Send me not hence with such angry words, for if thou dost draw Antony to Alexandria, then woe to Alexandria, to the people of the Nile, and to thee, O Egypt! For then will he come armed and breathing war, and hard shall it go with thee, who dost defy the gathered might of Rome. I pray thee, then, obey this summons. Come to Cilicia; come with peaceful gifts and not in arms. Come in thy beauty, and *tricked in thy best attire*, and naught hast thou to fear from the noble Antony." He paused and looked at her meaningly; while I, taking his drift, felt the angry blood surge into my face.

Cleopatra, too, understood, for I saw her rest her chin upon her hand while the dark cloud of thought gathered in her eyes. For a time thus she sat, while the crafty Dellius watched her curiously. And Charmion, standing with the other maidens by the throne, she also read his meaning, for her face lit up, as in the evening lights a summer cloud when the broad lightning flares behind it. Then once more it grew pale and quiet.

At length Cleopatra spoke. "This is a heavy matter," she said; "and therefore, noble Dellius, must we have time to let our judgment ripen. Rest thou here, and make thee as merry as our poor circumstance allows. Within ten days shalt thou have thy answer."

A moment the envoy thought, then, smiling, made reply, "It is well, O Egypt; on the tenth day from now will I attend for mine answer, and on the eleventh I sail hence to join Antony my Lord."

Once more, at a sign from Cleopatra, the trumpets blared, and, bowing, he withdrew.

(To be continued.)

The Cambridge University Local Examination Syndicate announce that the prize of £12 to the best senior boy and girl in the last examinations, and of £8 to the best junior boy and girl has been awarded as follows:—Senior Boy—R. Burn, Liverpool. Senior Girl—E. F. Stevenson, Notting-hill. Junior Boy—P. H. Bradford, Hackney-downs. Junior Girl—E. E. Charter, Norwich. The Royal Geographical Society's medals, for political and physical geography respectively, have been awarded to George Ernest Davis, of Maidenhead, and Barbara Lucy Templeton, of Exeter. The Exhibitions at St. John's College, and the Scholarships at Clifton College and Wellington College are not yet awarded.

The Postmaster-General on March 18 laid the foundation-stone of a new post-office for Birmingham. It is to be erected on land facing the Council House, which has been acquired for £75,000, and will itself cost over £60,000. Mr. Chamberlain was present at a mayoral luncheon which followed the ceremony, and, in proposing the toast of "The City and Council," said he heard with great equanimity and resignation the jeremiads in the House of Commons over the great expenditure of local authorities. The money had been admirably invested, and was returning large dividends in the increased health, happiness, comfort, and enjoyment of all classes amongst us.

With regard to the arrangements for the forthcoming Volunteer manoeuvres at Easter, General Sir R. Gipps has sent in to the War Office a detailed statement of the force which will be engaged from Good Friday to Easter Monday inclusive. The details set forth that the Surrey Brigade of Volunteers, under Colonel Hamilton, will go to Eastbourne to manoeuvre; the North London Brigade, under Colonel Wygram, and the West London Brigade, under Lord Abinger, will go to Portsmouth; the Grenadiers' Brigade, called the East London, and Colonel Stacey's Brigade, called the South London, will not take part in this year's Easter manoeuvres as brigades, but will manoeuvre in the summer as a body. Individual regiments of these latter brigades will have at Easter independent musters and sham fights.

#### ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN APRIL.

(From the *Illustrated London Almanack*.)

The Moon is near Mars during the evening hours of the 2nd, being situate to the left of the planet. She is near Venus during the evening hours of the 2nd and 3rd, being to the right of the planet on the 2nd and to the left on the 3rd, the planet being higher than the Moon on both evenings. She is near Saturn during the evening and night hours of the 9th and 10th, being to the right of the planet on the former and to the left on the latter night. She is near Jupiter on the morning of the 21st, being to the left of the planet; and she is near Venus on the 29th, but it is the day before New Moon. Her phases or times of change are:—

First Quarter on the 8th at 47 minutes after 1h in the afternoon.  
Full Moon " 15th " 19 " 10 " afternoon.  
Last Quarter " 22nd " 56 " 1 " afternoon.  
New Moon " 30th " 5 " 2 " morning.

She is most distant from the Earth on the morning of the 6th, and nearest to it on the morning of the 18th.

Mercury rises on the 4th at 5h 12m a.m., or 19 minutes before sunrise; on the 9th at 5h 6m a.m., or 14 minutes before sunrise; on the 14th at 4h 58m a.m., or 11 minutes before the Sun; on the 19th at 4h 52m a.m., or 6 minutes before the Sun; on the 24th at 4h 48m a.m., or 1 minute before sunrise; on the 25th at 7h 11m a.m., or about the same time as the Sun rises. He sets on the 26th at 7h 20m p.m., or 7 minutes after sunset; on the 27th at 7h 29m p.m., or 15 minutes after sunset; on the 28th at 7h 38m p.m., or 22 minutes after sunset; and on the 29th at 7h 47m p.m., or 30 minutes after the Sun. He is in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 25th, in ascending node on the 27th, and near the Moon on the 30th.

Venus is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 10h 21m p.m.; on the 10th at 10h 2m p.m., or 3h 17m after sunset; on the 20th at 9h 6m p.m., or 2h 4m after sunset; and on the 30th at 8h 36m p.m., or 1h 25m after sunset. She is near the Moon on the 3rd, and again on the 29th.

Mars is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 8h 29m p.m.; on the 10th at 8h 31m p.m., or 1h 36m after sunset; on the 20th at 8h 33m p.m., or 1h 31m after sunset; and on the 30th at 8h 34m p.m., or 1h 15m after sunset. He is near the Moon on the 2nd, and in ascending node on the 6th.

Jupiter is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 1h 57m a.m., on the 11th at 1h 19m a.m., on the 21st at 0h 41m a.m., and on the 30th at 2 minutes after midnight. He is due south on the 1st at 5h 53m a.m., and on the last day at 4h 3m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 21st.

Saturn is due south on the 1st at 8h 24m p.m., on the 15th at 7h 23m p.m., and on the last day at 6h 30m p.m. He sets on the 2nd at 4h 31m a.m., or 1h 33m before sunrise; on the 12th at 3h 23m a.m., or 1h 50m before sunrise; on the 22nd at 2h 44m a.m., and on the 30th at 2h 11m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 10th.

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#### THE CHEAPNESS OF REAL PLEASURE.

What are real pleasures? Those moments in which we are calmly happy, with no fear of after-regrets, repentance, or despair—such moments are to us real pleasures. We cannot class excitement amidst our real pleasures; the after-effects too often prove that such moments were not pleasurable; and he who goes to excitement for his pleasure soon rues his penchant, and finds all his so-called pleasure pall upon his wearied, o'erstrung mind. Real pleasure never satiates, but ever breathes forth a tender, sweet aroma from its memories that makes one yearn to live again such moments, hours, or days. And even the poorest being of us all can now gather to himself much of this real pleasure; for much of it is costless, and time alone is necessary to obtain it.

Pictures, travel, music, books, and friendship give us real pleasures; and all these, now-a-days, can be obtained at trivial cost. "Travel!" exclaims the luxurious tourist, "why, a most costly pleasure." But such a one knows naught of the true pleasure of travel. He moves about from place to place in first-class solitude, or amidst his own class; he has the same dinners day by day—in different rooms, certainly, but always amidst the same type of people; and he knows naught, literally naught, of the real joy of travel. The young man who, with a day or two's release from desk or warehouse, throws a satchel over his shoulder, and goes off afoot as soon as he has burst away from the prison lines of streets, and suburban lines of "ditto" houses, and walks on over upland and through valley, through quiet village and rustic sleeping townlet, knows more of the pleasurable surprises of travel, the freshness of new scenes, and the glimpses into other lives, than ever learns the luxuriant tourist in months of Continental touring. And when at night, to slightly vary Shakespeare, he pricks him on aspe,

To gain the timely inn,  
he will find in the snug room, and homely meal, and quaint chat with village politician or oracle, upon all known subjects, a charm and healthfulness succeeded by sound slumber, after his hours of tramping in the fresh winds of heaven, that will give fresh life to mind and soul, and strength to body. A traveller of this description would not dread even the cost of a Continental tour; for did not a certain "journeyman" once upon a time do such a tour for forty-four shillings, and even wrote a little book about it afterwards? But a good motto for the young traveller to remember is that of Goldoni's—

Un viaggiatore prudente non disprezza mai il suo paese,  
a line that may be rendered—

The sensible traveller never depreciates his own country.

And note the expressive *mai*, "never." It is but your momentary traveller who rushes to Italy, and ever after appeals to her blue skies to traduce the skies and fruitful verdure of his own island. The true traveller and lover of Nature, who can tramp onward over level plain and through rocky gorge, over undulating uplands, or out into the open heathland, where fresh winds sweep in from the living, leaping sea that girdles around our isle, he is the one who enjoys travel, and his true pleasure he obtains very cheaply. And so also with the lover of pictures. The poorest cottage of us all now has pictures given him that are better art and prettier in colour (if sometimes somewhat bright) than our forefathers hung on the walls of castles and ducal mansions, and dubbed "old masters." The village rustic now possesses these bright and pretty and oftentimes highly artistic copies of old and modern work, and the poor town-dweller has a world of art at his feet, if he will but use those feet to carry him to it; without money he can look upon and study triumphs in art. What writer was it who used to go into a public gallery, and sit as though he were in his own house and enjoy all around him, feeling they were his own? He could go to them when he would, and had they been in his own house he could not enjoy them more. Pictures are truly windows of the soul; and as they hang on the walls of cottage or palace, oftentimes most surely do they mirror the soul and tastes of those who hung them there.

So much for the cheapness of two pleasures that would fall upon the ear of many as being pleasures beyond their reach. To prove the pleasure to be obtained from books, is to set to work to prove that snow is white; and to prove that they are cheap is a task hardly worth undertaking; but in most of our great towns their price has not to be considered by those who would read them only, for free libraries now give access to all to the greatest minds of all ages and all tongues. The meanest citizen can carry home the tome of history or the romance of life; and we can lose ourselves, and even our cares and toil, in the lives and thoughts of men of action, thought, or soul.

We can wander away with the traveller through the pine-forests, and hear the rising and sinking sighing of the winds in the trees on the mountain-tops, as he gains their summit and looks out over the mighty stretch of country spread beneath; or we can dive into the horrors of history that cut-pace all fiction for their gruesomeness; or with Scott or Bulwer, Dickens or Kingsley, or a host of other masters in romance, we can live noble lives or enjoy true wit. Books, truly, are each a world—

And books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastimes and our happiness will grow.

That there are books neither true nor good, witty nor sensible, goes without saying, and the man who wastes his time on these reaps his reward most surely, by the debasement that follows; but to begin to write upon the pleasures of books is to commence a dangerous task where space is limited.

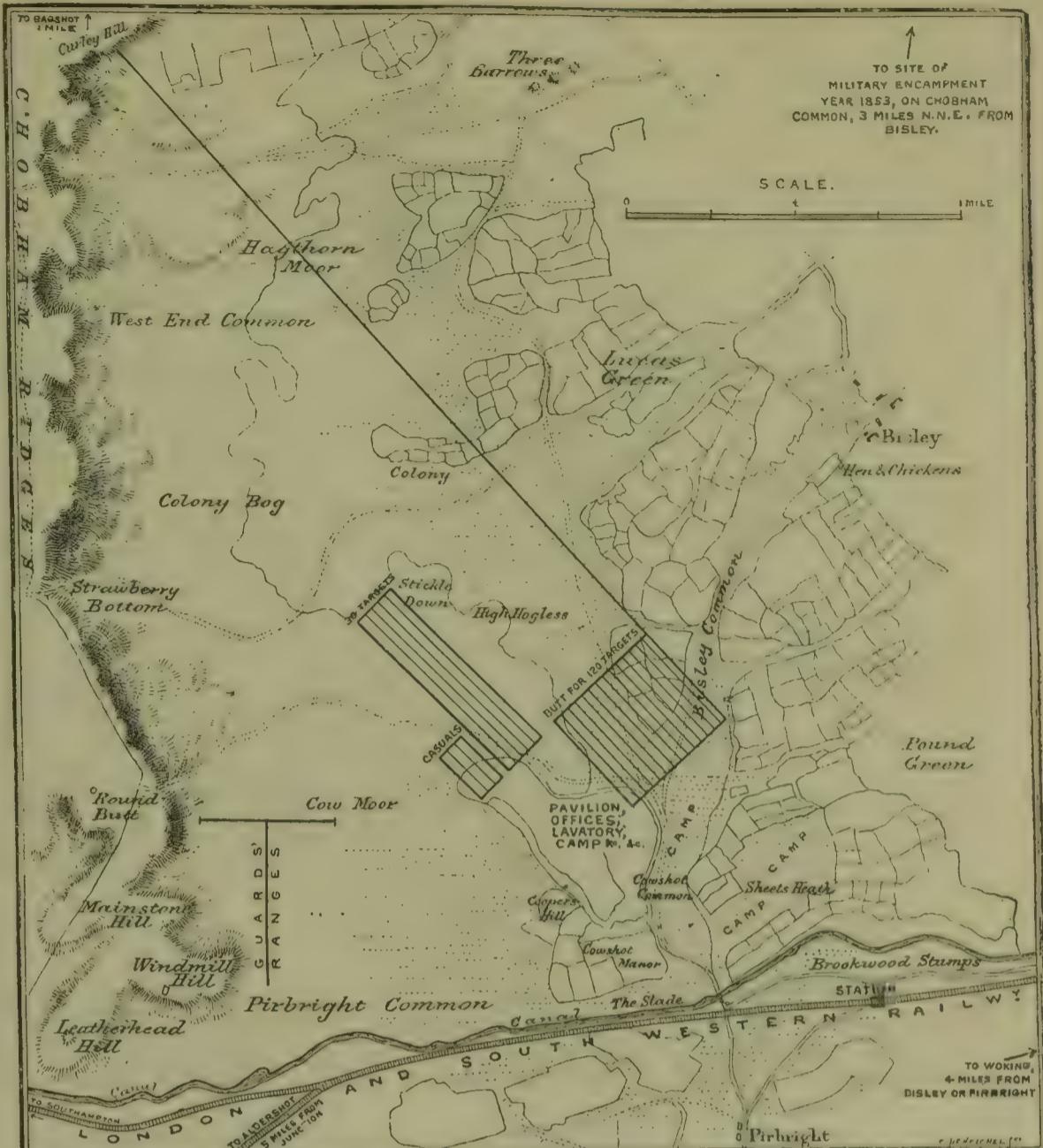
Music and friendship are still left us to prove their cheapness. The first we can buy; the second, never. And yet the first may oftentimes procure us the second, for it may introduce us to kindred souls; and expression in music may show us a depth beneath in some acquaintance that exalts our esteem for him and builds up a friendship. Our lives tend rather to suppress the cultivation of the love of music than to encourage it amongst the masses. And yet, what is there more enchanting than in some lovely sylvan scene to hear by river-side or in woodland haunt the sweet concord of good part-singing? "Who is there," asks Carlyle, "that in logical words can express the effect music has on us?" In every village and in every town parish there should be glee and part-singing societies and amateur orchestras; then we might hear throughout England—as we can in Cornwall oftentimes, and throughout the Continent—from Greece to Sweden—human voices, trained to accord, filling the summer air with sweet sounds; and in winter the people would have a real pleasure that "can calm the agitations of the soul" to fill their evening hours, and build up friendships from meeting where gentle Music holds her sway. The poor man may have a wealth of friendship yearned for by the millionaire; and music, "the true, pure moonlight in many a dark shadowy night of life," may help him to some of that friendship. Truly we should be thankful that the real pleasures of life can be obtained so cheaply; and also that its false, so-called pleasures, that leave behind them nausea and unpleasant flavour, if naught worse, are so expensive.—J. B.

## BISLEY COMMON: NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The removal of the annual meeting and shooting prize competition of the National Rifle Association, with its encampment of Volunteers, from Wimbledon Common, has occasioned much discussion. Different places have been proposed and advocated for this meeting in future; Richmond Park, Compton Downs in Wiltshire, and Cannock Chase, in Staffordshire, have had their partisans; but the final choice is Bisley Common, in Surrey, close to the Brookwood Station of the London and South-Western Railway, which is the station for the Woking Cemetery of the London Necropolis Company, two miles beyond Woking, and about twenty-seven miles from London. We present a few sketches of this piece of land, with a map or plan of the proposed ranges.

After leaving Brookwood Station, the road to the future camp and ranges runs parallel to the railway for about a quarter of a mile; then, turning abruptly to the right, it crosses the canal over the bridge hard by the lock; thence it proceeds, winding onwards, down into the hollow through which flows the brook. To the left of the road is the picturesque farm of Cowshot Manor, which will be directly in rear of the long-range firing-point, towards Colony Bog. The pavilion and offices of the Association will be on the rising ground above, left of Cowshot Common. Continuing a few hundred yards, the brow of the hill is reached. Going on past one or two cottages and enclosed tilled fields, part of which may be acquired by the Association for the site of the camp, the visitor's eye is at once attracted by a wide, open stretch of wild and desolate moorland, rolling away for miles to the north and north-west, with the Chobham Ridge as a screen in the distant background. Nearer on the left rises the high Hog Lees, with a few stunted and scattered firs on its summit and slopes, and beyond is the swampy ground called Colony Bog. A few streaks of water left by the winter rains flock the landscape here and there; and nothing meets the view but the patch of meadow, fringed by a hedge and trees, like an island in a sea of heather. This enclosed ground must be acquired by the Association; and the hedge and trees, at least in part, must be cut down; for the line of fire, probably, of the longer ranges will be across here. Away to the right of the ground is another road, leading from Sheets Heath, and skirting Bisley Common, with a couple of pleasant farms on the right, full of colour and rusticity. These are Sibthorpe, or Cook's Farm; and, farther on, Loampits Farm; there is a spot on the extreme right of the ground called Wisdom Corner. The butts or targets for ranges up to 500 yards or 600 yards will be in this part, and the long-range firing will be in the direction of Colony Bog. The short ranges, running deer, and revolver ranges will be on the west or left side, towards Cow Moor, and the Hog Lees. There will be a camp on Cowshot Common; another camp on Sheets Heath; and probably a third to the right of that. When, in summer, these breezy uplands are purple with the bloom of their native heather, varied here and there by the yellow gorse, and the white city of canvas has sprung into life, many who have parted with regret from the old common and historical windmill of Wimbledon will soon be reconciled to their new abode, and will commend the bracing breezes and quickly-drying soil of Bisley Common. It is possible that some sand from Pirbright may be blown across by a westerly wind, and heavy rains may make the ground in parts somewhat spongy, but this fine tract of moorland has great natural advantages, and its nearness to Aldershot, about five miles, is convenient for the study of military manœuvres, and for intercourse between the Volunteers and the regular Army.

Our Artist's Sketch of the view over the whole ground was taken from Cowshot Common, looking due north. The third-



PLAN OF THE PROPOSED RANGES AT BISLEY COMMON,  
THE FUTURE GROUND OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

to and fro for eighteenpence, it cannot be said that the expense of visiting the new ground will be prohibitive. The Association has entered into a provisional contract for the acquisition of the freehold of some 200 acres, which is more than is absolutely required, obtaining greater powers of control than it has hitherto enjoyed. As freeholders the Association will doubtless erect permanent buildings, instead of the temporary structures which the conditions of their presence at Wimbledon compelled them to use. It is obvious that, in the long run, there must be a great saving of expense. It is considered that the interest payable on the purchase-money will be little, if at all, greater than the rent which has been paid for the use of Wimbledon Common.

**KENSINGTON SCHOOL OF ART WOOD-CARVING.**  
Among the numerous efforts which have of late years been made to apply art-training to industry, the School of Wood-Carving at South Kensington deserves a wider recognition than it has as yet received. Established in connection with the City and Guilds of London Institute for the advancement of technical education, the school in Exhibition-road has now been in active work for some years, and the results of its teaching have on various occasions been brought before the public. From what has been already achieved, it is fair to infer that the art of wood-carving, which once stood so high in this country, as testified by the eagerness with which specimens are hunted after by artists and amateurs, may be again revived. The great impulse was given to this branch of art by the restoration of Alnwick Castle by the late Duke of Northumberland. In those days it was thought necessary to send to Italy for workmen, but Signor Bulletti soon found

amongst Northumbrians and Yorkshiremen such surprising aptitude that in a very short time they wholly displaced the foreigners. The committee of management of the Kensington School of Wood-Carving were able to obtain at the outset the services of one of Signor Bulletti's most distinguished pupils—Miss Rowe—and under her able management the school has prospered almost beyond expectation; and both the day and evening classes are now thronged to the utmost capabilities of the rooms. The instruction given is of every degree, and beginners and amateurs receive as much attention and direction as those who have already reached the highest grade of dexterity. For the benefit of the former, Miss Rowe has republished, in a carefully revised form, her "Hints on Wood-Carving"—in which, addressing herself to the craftsman rather than to the artist, she describes the materials, tools, and appliances necessary for the beginner, and explains their use in plain language, and by the help of clear diagrams. She then touches upon the various kinds of work to which learners, especially amateurs, should devote themselves, and giving a number of examples upon which they may exercise their skill; and, ultimately, she leads them on to designing and the higher branches of the art. It would, of course, be absurd to say that Miss Rowe's thoroughly practical manual will enable the learner to dispense altogether with lessons from a trained craftsman or craftswoman; but it places very clearly before the aspirant the difficulties which lie in the way to success and the manner in which they may be surmounted, without raising false hopes or imaginary fears. A visit, moreover, to the School of Wood-Carving would show what a pitch of excellence the art has already reached under Miss Rowe's direction, and thanks to her sympathetic energy.



CANAL BRIDGE AT BROOKWOOD.

class passenger from Waterloo Station is conveyed to Brookwood Station, within an easy walk of the proposed camp and firing points, and back again to London, for a little more than three shillings, and the journey to Brookwood takes about three-quarters of an hour. But when the camp has been established at Bisley, it may fairly be assumed that the special trains which the South-Western Railway Company promise to provide will accomplish the distance in less time than this, and, seeing that they propose to convey Volunteers in uniform



COOK'S FARM, BISLEY COMMON.



COWSHOT MANOR FARM, BISLEY COMMON.



BISLEY COMMON, THE NEW GROUND OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

SKETCH FROM NEAR THE PROPOSED FIRING POINTS.



*"She is dead! You have poisoned her!"*

Mr. Aubrey Fitzjohn (Mr. Alfred Maltby).

Miss Grace Wentworth (Miss Elaline Terriss).

Dr. Glynn (Mr. George Giddens).

SCENE FROM THE NEW STRAND FARICAL COMEDY, "THE BALLOON."

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XVIII. PANSHANGER.

Entrance to the House.



Glimpse from the Lake.

Left Wing, from the Private Garden.

## ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XVIII.

## Panshanger.



EARL COWPER.

THE Londoner, journeying to Panshanger—it is only three-quarters of an hour from King's-cross—finds the nearest entrance a few minutes' walk from Cole-Green Station. There is a little triangular country green, with tall trees marshalled in lines at the end; and by these trees is the pretty "Cole-Green Lodge," an entrance to the park, with, just inside the gates, a great old oak—a veritable janitor.

On a day of clear sunlight in January, whose walks through Panshanger Park sees everywhere a bright youthfulness of nature in the light green of parkland and copse: even in the ancient trees, preserved and radiant, as it were, in the wonderful fresh air of Hertfordshire. For the proverb says—

They who buy a house in Hertfordshire  
Pay three-quarters purchase for the air.

The tree-stems stand up, a pale grey in the oldest trees, green in the younger; and the ivy is everywhere preserved, a sombre mantle round the massive trunks. Dark woods, further off, run along under the pale blue winter sky. Near at hand an ancient hawthorn stands alone, its wild arms curled and twisted fantastically—in the moonlight it must be like the spectre of a witch. Here, as elsewhere in the park, old hornbeam pollards air their quaint graces, and ancient oaks—some withered, dead and gone in all but their outer trunks—still stand untouched by axe till "a mighty wind arises, and they go." Trees of many tribes stand everywhere, singly, or in twos and threes, or gathered together in circles or in clumps, or ranged in line as if the remnants of some bygone avenue.

One long line of trees, indeed, marks the course of a lane that used to run across what is now the park; but a new road was made, going round outside the park boundaries, and the old hedge-trees do but vary the beauty of greensward and coppice. The greater part still stands of a long avenue, spacious and open, with trees not very high—which always gives to an avenue a woodland and informal look. This led to the old Cole-Green House, which stood away to the left (entering the park by the Lodge-gate through which we passed), in days before Panshanger came to be built.

On our way to the present house, we cross this avenue. Then, among the paler shades of winter, we see a clump of Scotch firs, with their warm dark green and the red-brown of their trunks. To the right there is a wood of younger trees, and facing us a ridge covered with ancient timber; and then soon comes the first peep of the great house—Panshanger, seat of Earl Cowper, a long line of grey castellated building, aslant on the hillside; with the woods round it, and a glimpse of the glimmering water below. All the lands around about belong to it; the estate, to which has lately been added the neighbouring one of Brocket, now stretches for twelve miles, from Hertford to Wheathampstead.

The path goes up, bends round a little hill; and then, if you stand where it descends again, between its trees, into the little valley, you see a lovely picture—a corner of the pretty Mimram River, that runs through the park, its grey, burnished water gleaming under the brown banks, with the rich green of grass above them, showing between tall, slender elm-trunks. And now, while the leaves are off, you can see at the next bend of the little waterway a further bank, overhung with bushy shelters for the comfortable fish.

Near this point—the River-gate—one may, if one be so minded, leave the more direct road to the house, and go across country (there is no ruder obstacle than the green grass) in the direction of the lodge which marks the entrance to the park from Welwyn. Great pines stand by this lodge; and the scent of the woods is sweet. Turning sharp to the right, we walk through a pollard wood, full of fine examples of those hornbeams before noticed: with narrow stems shooting up quaintly from the old grey trunks. Rather a ghostly company they look, if one walks by the wood at sunset or later. Ten years ago a great storm made terrible havoc in their ranks.

So by the rhododendrons, gorgeous in summer, to the narrow wooden bridge that here crosses our little river. Above it, only a few yards up stream, is a more solid bridge of grey stone, over which you may see the carter passing, with head down, and his horse, pulling at the collar. Down stream you have, some say, the prettiest river-picture in the park. A pleasure-island breaks the view a very little way down the shallow stream. The short weeds glimmer green in the sun; brown reeds stand up by the bankside; there are old willows further along, and a fir, green among the winter trees. It is a little paradise for the trout, which are carefully preserved here, and in every way encouraged to defy the teachings of Malthus.

Leaving the bridge, and passing through more trees—the woodbine grown ropelike up some of them—you rejoin the road, left after the River-

gate; it now winds up the side of a little hill—or, if one must be accurate, a little rising ground. The house is not at the summit, but lies comfortably in a hollow on the other side. Standing where two paths cross, you look down upon a long, grey, comfortable building, ivy-clad, with turrets and towers, but yet with a look of home, of pleasant ease, which I think the ancient castles that were its models seldom had. It is of what one may call the Early Nineteenth Century Feudal order, very popular in the days when Peter, fifth Earl, set about its building or rebuilding; and is as picturesque, and as pleasant withal, as the mansion of a great English family could well be. Its long line is broken up by towers, parapets, and high mullioned windows; and specially by the great porch lately added, standing out from the main building, square and plain.

All is of a cool, yellowish-grey stone; and over many towers and windowed walls the dark ivy has grown almost to the top. From the west end of the house there runs along—just down on one's right hand, among the trees, as one stands at the crossways—a lower storey, mainly of bowling-alley, leading to the great conservatory; and to one's left are seen, not far away, large stables of a cheery reddish-yellow.

There has been a house on this site at all events since the days of Henry VIII. It was bought in 1724 by the son of the Chancellor Cowper, who had previously built the old Cole-Green House—already spoken of—which stood near the present kitchen-garden.

Cole-Green House was designed by Sir John Vanbrugh. It was the family residence till it was pulled down, in the beginning of the present century, by the fifth Earl Cowper. He then made Panshanger his principal dwelling-place; and it was enlarged—so completely that most of its chroniclers tell you that it was built—and faced with cement, and generally "Gothicised," by Atkinson, the architect, in or about 1810. The Picture Gallery and the tower which contains Lady Cowper's sitting-room were added about ten years later. The offices, which were to the west, were burnt down in 1855, and the present offices, with all the rooms beyond Lady Cowper's room, were then built, as was the stately dining-room. Before the fire the space this room now covers was occupied by several small apartments, a hall, and a staircase, which were the oldest parts of the house. Such are the short and simple annals of the building of Panshanger.

The little lawn that lies before the house is set with great trees; one of these stands alone, much nearer than the others, its bare arms lifted toward the porch. On these, and the background, sloping upwards, of grass and clustering trees, the northern windows of the house look out: a pleasant and sequestered view, contrasting with the wide stretch of park and hills across the low-lying water on the south.

Entering the house, you stand in a low hall, paved with black and white; and a very few steps take you at once to the great treasure-house of Panshanger, the Picture Gallery; at the doorway, indeed, of the first room, your eye catches the rich peachy red of Laura's gown. And this is the Laura of Petrarch, who stands there facing you, painted, with Petrarch's poems by her side, by Andrea Del Sarto.

And "the faultless painter" is the great glory of these splendid galleries; though there be Raffaelles of the highest beauty, and a Fra Bartolommeo that is like a cluster of jewels for its glowing colour. Three pictures almost side by side are of such peerless beauty that the eye which has seen them carries them about with it for days after. The middle one is that sweet and dignified Laura, looking at you as she holds open her music-book: a blaze of colour in her quaint Italian dress, with sleeves tight from wrist to elbow, but at the shoulders some five feet across. On her left is the "Portrait of a Man"—blessed in his anonymous immortality—"a nobly conceived, harmonious, and delicately-modelled and drawn picture," says Dr. Waagen, in his enthusiastic account of these galleries of Panshanger, in which, one July day, he spent six happy hours. "The drawing-room," says the good German, speaking, no doubt, of what is now called the Picture Gallery, "is one of those apartments which not only give pleasure by their size and elegance, but also afford most elevated gratification to the mind by works of art of the noblest kind. This splendid apartment receives light from three skylights, and from large windows at one of the ends; while the paintings of the Italian school are well relieved by the crimson silk hangings. I cannot refrain from praising the refined taste of the English for thus adorning the rooms they daily occupy, by which means they enjoy from their youth upwards the silent and slow, but sure, influences of works of art."

And of these works in this great room, that which (as it seems to me) one would choose the first for one's own treasures—had one the choice, which is, I fear, unlikely—is the most famous of those three pictures of Andrea Del Sarto: the

portrait of the painter by himself, that hangs on the right hand of Laura.

Looking at it, with its sweet, manly melancholy, its power, its wonderful colour, the poetry, the fullness of it all, you can realise that this was called "the faultless painter": yet not, as Browning would imply (had he only seen the Andrea Del Sartos in the National Gallery?), with any praise of mere technical, soulless perfection.

All is silver-grey,  
Placid and perfect in his art—

but how full, too, of suggestion, of meaning, what a life's story is in that grave face! "He must have been writing to his wife," says one critic, "he looks so sad!"

Other works of the master in this room, and smaller pictures of the history of Joseph, the personages mostly clad in a rich red, which makes one very impatient of dingy broad-cloth—are very beautiful, if less beautiful; yet one must not keep Raffaelle waiting even another moment.

What is, I think, most attractive to modern eyes in his greatest picture here, a Virgin and Child—what, with all our awakened love of children in literature and perhaps in life, we cannot parallel in our painters of to-day—is the exquisite tenderness of that naked baby-figure, standing with bent legs and the delicate body creased, as it leans towards us ("looking out of the picture with infantine joy," says good Waagen), and clasps the neck of its mother's dress with one little hand. This was a somewhat early picture of Raffaelle—it is dated 1508—and shows the mastery he had attained even before those grand days of his in Rome, which began in the later part of that very year.

In the other holy family by Raffaelle, also in this room, Waagen notes how the "dreamlike and highly interesting expression of the Virgin recalls the feeling of Perugino." This hangs far away, on the end wall; but close by the window, near the first Raffaelle, cluster, side by side or vis-à-vis, many lovely things, for the most part Italian. As a kind of pendant to the Raffaelle hangs a Titian, rich and soft in its colouring. A beautiful Correggio, called the "Ecce Homo," is hard by. Opposite are the smaller Andrea Del Sartos, and a bright vigorous little boy and dog by Velasquez.

And next to the Raffaelle hangs the most beautiful work of his friend, Fra Bartolommeo. This, too, is a Holy Family; splendid in colour and design, when it is looked at in its turn, here in the Picture Gallery—but a wonder of loveliness when, standing at the other end of a long corridor, you see it, framed in the doorway, gleaming by itself in the afternoon sunlight, against a rich background of crimson velvet. There are few richer bars of sunshine in the world than that which passes through that southern window of Panshanger.

Dr. Waagen said in his day, and we can but repeat it now, that it was a mistake to hang pictures of alien schools in the same room with these glorious Italians. Rembrandt's is surely a name to conjure with; yet Rembrandt here, beside Andrea Del Sarto, is like St. Peter's at Rome seen after St. Sophia's at Constantinople. A work of art should not be judged by comparison, it is true; it has its own beauties, and it matters not if they be not the same as the beauties of others. But here the comparison is forced upon us, and we are too likely not to be in the mood for the prancing Marshal Turenne, who almost fills one end of the room, or even for the fine "Portrait of a Man"—a rich, golden-brown picture—which hangs amid the cluster I have named.

So we leave this great gallery, gay with red walls and gold frames, stately with brown marble pillars, and sweet with the scent of pot-pourri, and bright with the beautiful view of park and lake from its window; and we pass into the Library, a fine cheery chamber, where the gilded backs of books form a kind of dado, and the ancestral Cowpers look down pleasantly from above.

In the place of honour, over the chimneypiece, hangs, as of right, a fine full-length portrait of the Lord Chancellor Cowper: in face and attitude one's ideal Judge, perfectly dignified, placidly benign. Near him is his brother, Spencer Cowper of the *cause célèbre*, painted as a young man—very likely about the time of the trial; a bright, clever face, rather handsome, and not quite sufficiently shaved. (This is not an uncommon fault in this room; the poet Cowley—fat, lethargic, and melancholy—must have had a shocking razor.)

Here there is a very large Vandyke—a portrait of the Count of Nassau and his family, painted in 1634; as fine, perhaps, as any Vandyke of its size. Next door, in the Ante-Library, are some very strong portraits: three Lord Chancellors of a row adorn the wall facing the window, and are, like the Lord Cowper we have just seen, fine types of the stately old Judge of days before the beard had invaded even the Bench.

So to the Drawing-Room, very pretty in the fashion of a former day, with its paper of cheery green hung with many a charming portrait, for the most part of the times of Sir Joshua or thereabouts. The master, painted by himself, is there; Lady Caroline Cowper, also by him, with the colour, alas! clean gone; and a sprightly and lovely portrait of the present Earl's grandmother, Viscountess Palmerston, by Hoppner and Jackson—a picture ever fresh and fascinating.

A very bold and strong head is that of a Mrs. Reynolds, by Opie; and there is a telling likeness of the poet Cowper—a keen, eager face, with bright brown eyes, rather too trim and dapper for one's ideal of a religious hypochondriac; only a something odd in the proportions of the face suggests the want of balance in the mind. At the first glance, this is certainly the poet of John Gilpin rather than of the Olney hymns.

Peter Claeis, with a right Dutch picture (of a "Girl Reading"), strong and clean and sunny, prepares us for the great Hollanders in the next room—late the billiard-room, light and white, with yellow curtains. Here is a famous Teniers, which used to be called "The Worship of Bacchus"—("Marry, how? Tropically," one should say)—and many other smaller works by the masters of his land; for the most part dark and rich in colour, like one which we may take as their type—a very fine painting of an oil-mill.

A corridor—at one end of which shine the high pipes of an organ—leads to the small Dining-Room, which is used now as the Earl's sitting-room; in it are family portraits of the last two or three



IN THE PARK.

generations—in several of the later ones the family likeness is very marked.

An exquisite little room not far away is Lady Cowper's. Its high panelling, and heavy door, and great overhanging chimneypiece, and the deep arch which leads, by a little recess, to a door opening on to the terrace—all are of solid walnut, richly carved. Above the panelling is a green-gold wall, and overhead a white ceiling; a great old clock stands in the corner; a guitar and mandolin are by the wall; from the window is a peep of the broad water and the hillside beyond; and through the terrace-doorway you see flower-beds with their trim old-fashioned edging of box. Others of the smaller rooms that are worthy of note are Lord Cowper's former sitting-room—in which are a portrait of the Lady Cowper of the diary, and a bookcase filled with the correspondence of Lord Melbourne, bound and indexed; *item*, a little white room, all carving, with a spinning-wheel from Ireland, some tapestry now in progress, pictures, and a fine look-out among tall trees—this is Lady Cowper's studio; *item*, the Old Smoking-Room, with a daring paper of uncompromising green, plainly of the last generation, and—*inter alia*—an interesting drawing of three Court beauties of a century ago, posing coquettishly as the witches in "Macbeth."

In the North Library (now the billiard-room) the piquant face of Lady Caroline Lamb peeps out from among graver family portraits; and there are two fine Reynoldses—one of Lady Melbourne, and the other of her three sons, one the future Prime Minister. Besides this room, there is but one on the ground floor which yet insists on notice; and that the finest of them all, the Picture Gallery always excepted. This is the grand dining-room: a splendid chamber, sombre and stately with its dark-brown panelling and green carpet. Vandykes hang on its lofty walls; at each end is a great Italian mantelpiece of marble, yellow and white, and fireplaces, in which urns or baskets of iron hold up the flaming coal. The fine bow-window which breaks the line of the north wall has been only lately added; the carving of its woodwork is by the carpenters of the estate.

Hardly one of these rooms is without its share of the magnificent Panshanger collection of china. In the Picture Gallery is a splendid set of Sèvres vases; in the China Room a Dresden set—much too valuable to use—with sets, dishes, and cups of old Indian china, of Sèvres, Chelsea, Crown Derby; and, up-stairs and down, there is scarcely a chimney-piece or dressing-table but has its exquisite ornaments.

Up-stairs, indeed, at least a dozen charming rooms, large and little, deserve description for their contents and themselves—but enumeration is all that I can give them here. By the great staircase, hung with portraits of worthies of the past, you go to the Satin Bed-Room and Dressing-Room, which are the rooms of honour, where sleep Royal visitors and others of great dignity: gay, pleasant rooms, with something Oriental in the scarlet birds on green trees, against a warm grey back-



FRONT VIEW.

expands. It gleams grey before the dark trees and wooded hills that slope, further and further off, beyond; and westward, of an evening, one may see a gorgeous sunset glow behind those trees and flood the hills with its rich light. In the lake a woody island stands out dark against the shining waters; the ground sweeps up, on the near side, to the east; and, further eastward, the Evergreen Wood lies, all the year, a sombre mass of colour.

This view is none the less natural that it owes much to art. The finest site was chosen for the house; woods that blocked out the view have been cut down; the river has been widened to a lake; but there is nothing artificial, the landscape-gardener has not forced himself upon your notice; this is only the prettiest of the many pretty views to be found in a great park.

In the box-garden at the eastern end of the house, all, on the other hand, is intentionally formal. The ribbon-beds, with their edges of box—it takes one back years to see a box-edging—are laid out in the quaint devices of an older time. The monogram, the arms of the Cowpers, are here traced in lines of box, picked out with red, blue-black, and white—the red being crumbled brick, the black coal, and the white chips of some kind of marble. It is a pretty Gothic (or quasi-Gothic) end of the house that overlooks this garden—grey and ivy-clad like the rest, with battlemented towers, round turrets, and tall chimneys; and old Scotch firs and a splendid ancient yew stand beside the beds and by the tennis-ground beyond.

At the west end of the house a covered bowling-alley leads to the great conservatory—a stately building, where round a lofty fountain grow all manner of rare, delicate trees and flowers: the tree-fern and the citron, graceful palms, a great camellia-tree—with others which must remain unsung, like the bananas, growing here in a banana-house of their own.

Before the conservatory, to the left, is the pretty little dairy—a hexagon, I think—with many windows, diamond-paned, and inside great store of old china; to the right, a fine slope, down a wooded hill to the sunset and the water, seen at the hill-foot between the bare trunks of winter; a circle of yew-trees, surrounding flower-beds prettily laid out; a dial, striving to tell the hour by the declining sun; a pleasant rustic summer-house here and there; and then, in a little hollow, on a plain of grass, the famous "sight" of Panshanger—its gigantic oak.

A circle of the "green-robed senators of mighty woods" stand round, at due distance, doing homage to their ancient king, decaying though he be. His top is bald—"stag-headed" is the woodman's word. Some of his spreading boughs have dipped and grown into the ground, like new, little trees holding their parent's hand; all the great branches near the earth are enough, in their bulk and length, to stand for full-grown trees themselves, were they placed upright in the earth. It is the size and spread of these, its mighty arms, rather than its mere height, which makes Panshanger Oak a wonder of greatness. Its circumference six feet from the ground is 20 ft. 6 in., and the diameter of the circle of its spreading boughs is 90 ft. Measured in June, 1888, it was found to contain 1222 cubic feet.

Leaving Panshanger by the north porch, where we came in, we pass shrubberies, and plains of bushes, and woods of older trees as we follow the hill-side path to the near town of Hertford. We look down into the valley of the Mimram, the narrow river winding its way through greensward to the mill. Woods follow the slope of the hills, across the river and behind us to the west; and, far away, we see ridges of trees, and "Berkhampstead Monument," a landmark on the height, and, nearer us, straightforward, past the hill, the spire of Hertfordbury Church. Not far from here are the rifle-butts for the volunteers, whom the Earl often hospitably invites to make their camp in the park.

Coming out into the road, at the Hertfordbury lodge-gate, by a pretty three-cornered patch of grass and trees, we are within a mile of the old town of Hertford, which goes on in its old-fashioned way—a plain old place, with still some gabled and half-timbered houses, with Blue-Coat Schools and breweries, all very quiet and steady-going—with little desire, and perhaps with little reason, to emulate the growth and change of its gigantic neighbour twenty miles away.

The Cowpers have long been connected with Hertford. The first of the line who bore a title—Sir William, created a Baronet in 1642—retired, after the troubles of the Civil War, to Hertford Castle, which he fitted up as a dwelling-house; and there spent the remainder of his days, training his grandson and successor in a faith more advanced than his own. For he had been a Royalist, had suffered for it in prison, with his son, who there died; yet he made of his grandson, the second Sir William, a Whig so staunch that his successors ever since, through half a dozen generations, have stood high among the most Whig families.

It was the third Sir William, afterwards Earl Cowper, who raised the fortunes of the house to a height they had never reached from the days of the first recorded Cowper (an esquire of Strode, in Essex, when Edward IV. was King). I think it was he who began to buy Panshanger—though his son, the year after his death, completed the purchase—from a London merchant named Elwes. This Elwes had married a

ground, which adorn the walls. Then the Indian Bed-Room, with its great bedstead of black wood, and its decorations (partly painted by Lady Cowper herself), is very pretty; and there is an originality about the "Adams Rooms"—of which the front chamber, with walls of white and the palest green, monopolises all the light, and the inner room has need of a supernumerary back-window for its illumination. The Earl's bed-room—an octagon, oak-panelled—is a part of the original house; hither we come by passages in and out, up and down—Panshanger is not an easy house to find your way about in—and hence we have a pretty view of the dairy, with its pent-house roof, just beyond the box-edged flower-beds of the private gardens.

A passage leads into the bachelors' rooms, sufficiently distinguished by numbers. It must be a difficult task, in a great house like this, to give each room its name—and remember it; yet for the most part distinctive names have been found at Panshanger. The Grey Room, the Buff Room, the Chintz Room, the West Room, the Tapestry Rooms—over the new bay-window in the north front—the Red Room, with its old bed of Indian silk with a high canopy: each of these names tells its own story.

There is always something homelike and pleasant about a room with a name to it; and at Panshanger everything is like home. One feels that the spirit of Cowper, the poet of cosiness, has remained in his family. Here, comfort is not sacrificed to grandeur: here, on a winter evening, one would speak naturally his most comfortable lines—

Now sti the fire, and close the shutters fast  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round.  
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steaming column, and the cups  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Indeed, as the rooms at Panshanger are all (to use the good old word) "living-rooms," so the house itself is well alive, has not even ceased to grow. It is a much finer house now than it was twenty years ago; out of doors as well as in, though antiquity is treasured, growth, improvement, intelligent progress, are encouraged. And there is so much beauty, in the site and in the building, that all labour spent on it is well repaid. The view from the stone terrace that lies beside the long, turreted, picturesque south front, is indeed perfect—faultless, as was Andrea Del Sarto, and with all his charm and glow of colour.

Southward, down a swelling lawn, there lies the Broad Water, the lakelet into which the narrow Mimram here

descendant of one Stephen Slaney, who bought the property from Nicholas Throckmorton, Steward of the Household to Elizabeth; which Queen had rewarded her Steward's faithful service with this manor, forfeited to the Crown on the attainder of Edward Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, and his wife, the daughter of Lord Mountjoy. The earlier history of Panshanger is not very clearly traceable, and the place is not mentioned in Domesday: it was then, probably, part of the Honour of Blakesmere, from which it was later separated, and which, in the fifteenth century, was in turn merged in it.

William Cowper, first Earl, was born in 1664. His early life seems to have been rather dissipated and unprofitable; but a rash love-match with Miss Judith Booth—"a lady of wit and beauty, but no fortune"—was the making of him. He went to work vigorously, and in a very little time had made for himself a good position at the Bar; in a few years he was certainly the leader of the Home Circuit. He soon added politics to his work, and his father and himself were returned as members for Hertford. From the first day he was a success as a speaker, and by 1705 (when he was only forty-one) "had for many years been considered as the man that spoke the best in the House of Commons." He was, of course, a Whig; he had in 1688, with his brother Spencer, got up a company of Volunteers to aid the Prince of Orange, then just landed in England; but they were very peacefully stopped and disarmed by the Militia at Oxford. As a King's counsel, he prosecuted some of the Jacobites, and with great success; though Campbell (in his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors") strongly reproves his action in urging the condemnation of Sir John Fenwick.

Under Queen Anne, he became Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; in 1706 he was raised to the Peerage as Baron Cowper, and was chosen as one of the Commissioners for the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland; and next year he was made Lord Chancellor. In dignity and independence few Lord Chancellors have stood so high as Lord Cowper. He was the first to break the disgraceful custom of receiving New Year's gifts—which averaged about £3000—from the officers of the Court of Chancery. He risked Court-favour once by his courtesy to Richard Cromwell—"with the greatness of mind that marked his character" ordering a chair for him, when the old man "attended upon a trial at Westminster Hall. For this civility to the ex-Protector of the Commonwealth it was expected that Earl Cowper would have been reprimanded by the reigning Sovereign, but he received praises and thanks." When the Tories came into power, the Queen herself tried to persuade Cowper to retain office, but he steadily refused.

He was active in aiding the accession of George I. to the Throne, and held the Chancellorship under him till a few years before his death. In 1718 he was created Viscount Fordwich and Earl Cowper.

We have a graphic and amusing picture of the earlier days of the Court of George I. in the diary of this Lord Cowper's second wife—Mary Clavering, of Durham, a beauty like Judith Booth, and like her married with some amount of romance. It was a secret marriage, though no one appears to know what need there was for secrecy. Mary Cowper would seem to have been a bright, eager, notable woman, with the human weaknesses of a love for a bit of scandal and a temper of her own—"Vous êtes beaucoup trop vive," said Baron Bernstorff to her. "Vous êtes trop vifs tous les deux."

Once only, I think, was there any serious check in the prosperity of Lord Cowper's life. This was caused by the trial of his brother Spencer—the great "sensation" trial of the age; when the Cowpers were attacked, by a curious coalition of Tories and Quakers, with a virulence of party spirit now hardly to be conceived.

It was in 1699 that Spencer Cowper, then a rising barrister on the Home Circuit, left London for the Spring Assizes, and rode to Hertford. Here he had generally stayed at the house of an old friend, a Quaker lady named Stout; but this time he had resolved, at his brother's advice, to take private lodgings.

Mrs. Stout had an only daughter, a beautiful girl, who had fallen madly in love with young Mr. Cowper. He seems to have been in no way to blame; but his portrait at Panshanger shows us that he was a handsome fellow, with keen dark eyes and straight nose—and Sarah Stout, though she must have known that he was a married man, declared her passion in a series of extremely outspoken letters.

Cowper had to call on the mother, to pay some money he had received for her; he dined with them, and stayed till four o'clock, and when he left promised—apparently to avoid a "scene"—to come back in the evening and to stay the night.

He did return, and after supper allowed the maid-servant to be told, in his hearing, to prepare his bed-room. This she did; but he did not go upstairs, and after a while she heard the



THE DAIRY.



OLD VASE IN PRIVATE GARDENS.



PANSHANGER, THE SEAT OF EARL COWPER.

sharp slam of the front door (it was a door which the whole house heard when it *did* shut).

Surprised, the girl went downstairs; and, yet more surprised, found that not only had Mr. Cowper gone out, but Miss Stout was nowhere to be seen.

She told the mother, who had gone to bed some time before. Both were greatly astonished; but it seemed quite clear that Miss Stout and Cowper had gone out together—for the door had only been heard to shut once—and Mrs. Stout had complete confidence in her friend.

The whole night passed; neither returned; and in the morning came the terrible news that Sarah Stout's dead body had been found in the Priory River, near the town, floating among the stakes of a mill-dam.

Though there was no actual evidence against him, Spencer Cowper was the last person who had been seen with her; and not only was he tried for murder, but half the kingdom believed him guilty. England was divided into "Stouts" and "Cowpers"; not a Tory nor a Quaker but maintained that the young Whig barrister had first ruined and then murdered the luckless girl.

The Judge, too, was a weak one and perhaps biased. Cowper defended himself with perfect courage and ability; but, though there was no kind of proof of murder, and it was shown that the girl was a hypochondriac, it yet seemed doubtful whether a Hertford jury might not find him guilty. Luckily he was able to prove beyond question that he was at the Globe and Dolphin Inn before the clock struck eleven; the inn was at least half an hour's walk from the millstream; and the maid-servant was certain that it was a quarter to eleven, or less, when she heard the door slam. Only one verdict could be returned, and the young barrister was acquitted.

The true story is pretty clear. Spencer Cowper had told the unhappy girl, when they were left alone together, that he could not see her again; and, shortly after he went out, she had crept to the door, shut it gently after her, and gone to her death in the river.

The verdict of Not Guilty did not silence his enemies; and his brother found that there was no chance thenceforth of a Cowper's being returned for Hertford. But Spencer Cowper steadily fought his way on in his profession; and, twenty-eight years after those memorable Assizes, he was himself raised to the Bench—the only Judge, it is said, who had ever stood in the dock on a charge of murder. He never failed to show the greatest humanity to men placed as he himself had been.

As Spencer Cowper was once (by no fault of his own) the most notorious, so was a grandson of his the most famous of all the Cowpers. This was, of course, the poet, the author of the heartiest fun in our language, the immortal "History of John Gilpin"; and author, too, of perhaps its tenderest lines, the sonnet to Mary Unwin—

There is a book  
By Scraps writ with beams of heavenly light,  
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,  
A chronicle of actions just and bright;  
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,  
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

Cowper prepared the way for Wordsworth and the great poets who began the nineteenth century; he returned, in some degree, to the nature and simplicity which had been forgotten, in the early part of the eighteenth century, almost as completely as in the latter end of the nineteenth!

It seems more than commonly sad that the story of this simple and affectionate nature should have been a gloomy one; but over all his times of gaiety and quiet pleasures, there hung the dark cloud of religious melancholy—made darker, it is to be feared, by friends too like himself. Yet, with Mary Unwin's devoted care, he lived to a good old age; and it is to his melancholy days at Olney that we owe some of the finest of the few fine hymns in the English language. Even Mr. Swinburne might read "Sardis" for its poetry:—

"Write to 'Sardis,' saith the Lord,  
And write what He declares,  
He whose spirit and whose word  
Upholds the seven stars:  
'All thy works and ways I search,  
Find thy zeal and love decayed;  
Thou art called a living Church,  
But thou art cold and dead.'"

To return to the elder branch of the Cowpers: the Earldom has descended regularly from father to son, except when, in 1799, Peter, fifth Earl, succeeded his brother. The second Earl married the daughter of Henry De Nassau Auverquerque, son of the famous Marshal; and his son, George Nassau, was created a Prince in Germany by the Emperor Joseph II. It was this third Earl who passed the greater part of his life in Italy, and brought to Panshanger all its Italian pictures.

The present Earl Cowper, connected as he is with the three great Whig names of Hertfordshire—the Cowpers, the Melbournes and the Palmers—has maintained their high place among the statesmen of the Liberal party. To his long list of titles—for Earl Cowper is also Viscount Fordwich, Baron Butler of Moor Park, Baron Cowper of Wingham, Baron Dingwall in the peerage of Scotland, Baron Lucas, a Baronet, and a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire—the present Earl added for a while the most onerous of all, that of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. That he is not forgetful of duties nearer at hand one may judge from the facts that he is Lord Lieutenant of Bedfordshire, Chairman of the Herts Quarter Sessions, and has just been elected, unopposed, that latest-born of dignitaries—a County Councillor. He is, indeed, Chairman of the Hertfordshire County Council.

EDWARD ROSE.

A new oratorio, "Judith," by C. H. H. Parry, was performed by Miss Holland's choir on March 28, at Prince's Hall, in aid of the restoration of the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great.

Nearly 2000 persons attended the thirteenth anniversary of the Brixton Orphanage, held on March 18, in the Brixton Hall, Acre-lane, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. During the past year thirty-three orphan girls completed their education at the institution, and at present the full complement of 300 children are in residence. The Lord Mayor said he marvelled that within a comparatively short space of time the institution was able to accommodate 300 fatherless girls, who were maintained, clothed, educated, and gratuitously trained. He considered that in preparing girls for domestic service the school was conferring a great benefit on the public.

In the presence of a large and attentive auditory, chiefly of English people, Signor Lanciani gave on March 19, in the newly-excavated portion of the Forum of Augustus, Rome, a most interesting description of the origin, progress, and scope of the excavations. Inscriptions of the highest interest and importance have already been found, together with fragments of statues and columns of perfect beauty. In the part still to be excavated the great interest lies in the fact that what is found will be exactly as it was in the time of Augustus, no repairs or restorations having ever been made. Quite recently the beginning of the *Cloaca Maxima* was discovered, below an angle in the excavations, and this will serve to drain the excavations, which it was at one time thought must have been abandoned, owing to the flow of spring water.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

### THE CASE OF COLONEL TOWNSHEND.

Some time ago I was discussing with a friend the curious nature of certain human acts which are capable of being performed by only a limited number of individuals among us. The argument began by the information being afforded me that the friend in question could move his scalp backwards and forwards. This display of muscular power failed, of course, to arouse my enthusiasm. It is not unusual for a person to possess the power of moving or wrinkling the skin on the top of his head, so I contented myself with remarking on the tolerably common nature of my friend's performance. When, however, he proceeded in Dundreary fashion "to wag his ear" my interest became aroused, and the discussion on unusual muscular movements in man was duly inaugurated. That my friend could at will "wag his ear" was not for a moment to be doubted. Seeing was believing—in this case, at least. He reminded me of a still more typical case of such ear-movements which occurred when I was a University examiner. I had before me a student who was a decidedly nervous subject. Each question, propounded to him in the gentlest of fashions, threw him into a cold perspiration. Then came another revelation. When his excitement reached a certain pitch his ears began to wag, and the dignity which is believed to hedge about an examiner was in high danger of giving place to a species of ribald mirth at the spectacle before me. Doubtless his movable ears saved that candidate from being "plucked"; for as I began to question him about his abnormality in the way of muscular movement he recovered his spirits and his confidence. He told me that sundry members of his family—past and present—exhibited the same peculiarity; and as he then proceeded to his further trials and questions he gained lost ground, and departed from the examining-table triumphant—his ears, as I thought, giving a parting twist of joy at the prospect of a "pass." Possibly, if my former candidate should read these lines (he may be a medical man in full practice by this time) he may realise how he was saved, in one of his examinations at least, "by his ears."

My friend's discussion opened up the wide question of the control which now and then man may be found to possess over parts and organs of his body which are usually involuntary in their nature and action. Certain of the ear-muscles, nose-muscles, and the scalp-muscles illustrate structures which, however movable they may be in lower life, are useless to man. A seal, for instance, closes its ears and nose when it dives, and its muscles act perfectly to ensure the freedom of these parts from the inroad of water. But although man has representatives of like muscles in his ears and nose, they are to all intents and purposes inactive and inoperative. If humanity ever used these muscles at all, it certainly has no use for them now. The law of disuse speedily reduces, to rudimentary dimensions and to an inoperative state, all organs whose activity becomes lessened or abolished. From the discussion of such human muscles and their past and gone functions—occasionally surviving faintly as we have seen in scalp and ear—our talk led on to an explanation of more curious acts of man's life, in which a command over organs usually self-acting is sometimes illustrated. For instance, I cited the occasional occurrence in humanity of the power of returning the contents of the stomach to the mouth, painlessly and at will, as an instance of such command. Here we see in man the establishment of a power which is entirely absent, as a rule, and which seems to represent part of the act of "rumination" or "chewing the cud" in lower animals. What occurs in such cases is simply the development of command over the stomach and gullet muscles. The one essential condition for such an abnormal feature of life, is the alteration of the nervous supply of the parts concerned. That is to say, parts usually governed by the involuntary nervous system, come to be placed under the government of the voluntary nerves.

Now, a far more extraordinary instance of such command over parts of our bodies which usually work perfectly and harmoniously, apart from all intelligent guidance, was afforded by the case of Colonel Townshend. Some years ago I took the trouble to hunt up this case as given in its original form, and as contained in a queer old volume entitled "The English Malady: or a Treatise of Nervous Diseases of all Kinds, as Spleen, Vapours, Lowness of Spirits, Hypochondriacal and Hysterical Distemper, &c. London: 1733." The author of this volume was one Dr. George Cheyne. He relates how Colonel Townshend, who was suffering from a known malady, came from Bristol to Bath in a litter, to drink the waters and to obtain Dr. Cheyne's advice. He was attended by Dr. Cheyne, a Dr. Baynard, and Mr. Skrine; the last an apothecary, who always danced attendance on the physicians of those days. The Colonel informed his medical men of "an odd sensation he had for some time observed and felt in himself, which was that, composing himself, he could *die* or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again—which it seems," says Dr. Cheyne, "he had sometimes tried before he had sent for us!" This statement naturally puzzled the doctors. Like wise men of science they could and did say nothing until they were well assured of the reality of what sounded like a physiological romance. Accordingly, the Colonel told them he was willing to make the experiment in their presence, and the following is Dr. Cheyne's account of what he and his co-medicos saw:—

The Colonel "composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any, by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth; then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and, at last, were satisfied he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. By nine o'clock of the morning in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly." The sequel is instructive. After making his will, Colonel Townshend died the same evening about five or six o'clock, after having received the last offices of the Church. Dr. Cheyne leaves the case "to the philosophic reader to make what inferences he thinks fit"; and science to-day infers that Colonel Townshend's case was one exemplifying nervous command over heart and lungs such as rarely occurs in human experience, and such as alters the way of life in a manner which is the puzzle of the wise among us. Nevertheless, there are obvious links between this case of command over the heart and that whereby we sometimes illustrate the power of wagging our ears.

ANDREW WILSON.

## THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE.

One of the aesthetic fancies of cultured society in these days is that of now and then attiring a favourite young lady, who has not yet "come out," in a picturesque ancient or foreign costume, only for the home drawing-room, where she makes a pretty little figure, especially when she undertakes the graceful service of waiting on her mother's visitors. "The Daughter of the House," in our Artist's drawing, is so quaintly arrayed for the occasion, and so agreeably employed. This charming girl, a specimen of budding English maidhood without any romantic predilection for Eastern life, and who has perhaps not even read the poems of Byron, or even wished to be like Haidee or Medora, is dressed in a loose white robe, a scarf of gorgeous colours, a double necklace of large agates, and a diadem of gold coins, with a light muslin head-covering, to represent some type of Levantine youthful beauty. It is a pleasant little bit of family masquerade, which affords some fun to Mabel and her sisters, and does not lessen the relish of a dainty cup of chocolate brought on her silver salver.

## ADDITIONAL CURATES SOCIETY.

The committee of the Additional Curates Society, otherwise known as Home Missions of the Church of England, have during the last few years been making bolder ventures than before to enable sadly overtasked incumbents to secure more fellow-helpers in their work among the masses. In 1885, it seemed a bold step to add sixty to the then long list of grants and to the heavy liabilities of the society. The committee, however, not without hesitation (for their estimated income was already fully pledged), voted the grants; and Churchmen and Churchwomen showed their approval of their action by increased gifts to the society's funds. In 1886 sixty grants were added to the list. In 1887 the society completed its fifty years of service to the Church. The committee, being encouraged by the additional support they had received, and being supplied with larger means by the previous year's legacies, which considerably exceeded the average, voted that year 110 new grants.

The intention of the committee when they took this step was to make no further grants for a time; but urgent cases were constantly coming before them, and it was only too painfully manifest that, notwithstanding all they had done, a large number of parishes was still undermanned. If the Church was to be enabled to do her work among the masses, the society had to continue its vigorous course of action, for not only had every year brought with it an increase of population reaching probably to 400,000, but had seen a greater congestion of population in new urban districts, which greatly increased the difficulty of providing spiritual ministrations for them. In revising, therefore, in 1888 the Grant-List, and considering the new applications, it was found that there were 80 parishes whose appeals it was impossible to refuse. This brought the number of curates whose stipends were provided wholly or in part by the society up to 900. These were working in parishes having a total population of 5,237,497, according to the Census of 1881—a number very greatly exceeded if the increased during the past eight years were included. For the current year, notwithstanding all that had been done, the committee found it necessary, at their meeting on March 12, to place 65 more parishes on the aided list, thus bringing the number of assisted parishes to 980, and the number of A.C.S. curates to 965.

To maintain these grants, and to continue their course of vigorous action, in endeavouring to enable the working clergy to cope with the increasingly-severe tasks imposed upon them by the circumstances of the time, the committee are appealing most earnestly for additional funds.

## THE EXHIBITION FETES AT PARIS.

The programme of the Paris Exhibition fêtes has been issued. The cost is to be borne equally by the city of Paris and the State. On May 5 there will be a great fête at Versailles in commemoration of the opening of the States-General, and on the following day the Universal Exhibition will be opened. The Exhibition and all the public buildings are to be decorated with flags and illuminated. In the evening there is to be a grand show of fireworks in the Cité and on the Ile St. Louis. On July 14 there is to be a general illumination of the Bois de Boulogne and the Wood of Vincennes, and of the thoroughfares connecting them. On July 16, Aug. 10, and other dates in August, balls and concerts are to be given in the Palais de l'Industrie by the Exhibition Committee, as well as banquets, balls, &c. A grand ball is to be given on Aug. 30 to the workmen employed at the Exhibition, and to those who built the Eiffel Tower; each group of workmen is to have special scarves and other badges. In September there will be a succession of grand musical festivals and competitions and a series of grand popular Sunday concerts in the public places, at which instrumental and choral musicians from all parts will play and sing. At the end of September the prizes are to be given to the successful exhibitors with a ceremonial analogous to that employed on the opening day. A series of night fêtes is also arranged to be held between May 5 and the close of September. As the Marquis de Roys will not allow the ashes of his great grandfather, Lazare Hoche, to be removed from Versailles, the body of Diderot is to be transported in pomp to the Panthéon with the remains of the great Carnot and Marceau. A beauty show of working-girls is proposed. The dames des halles, or market-women, are left out of the programme; but in the olden time they had a prescriptive right to come forward on all great public occasions, and always harangued Royalty when it came in State from Versailles to Paris. The fees for ascending the Eiffel Tower have been fixed as follows:—5f. to the top; 3f. to the second platform, which is 700 ft. high; and 2f. to the first platform, to the height of 200 ft. Visitors will have the option of using the lifts or walking up-stairs, and they may remain as long as they like. It is estimated that the three platforms will afford room for 10,000 persons.

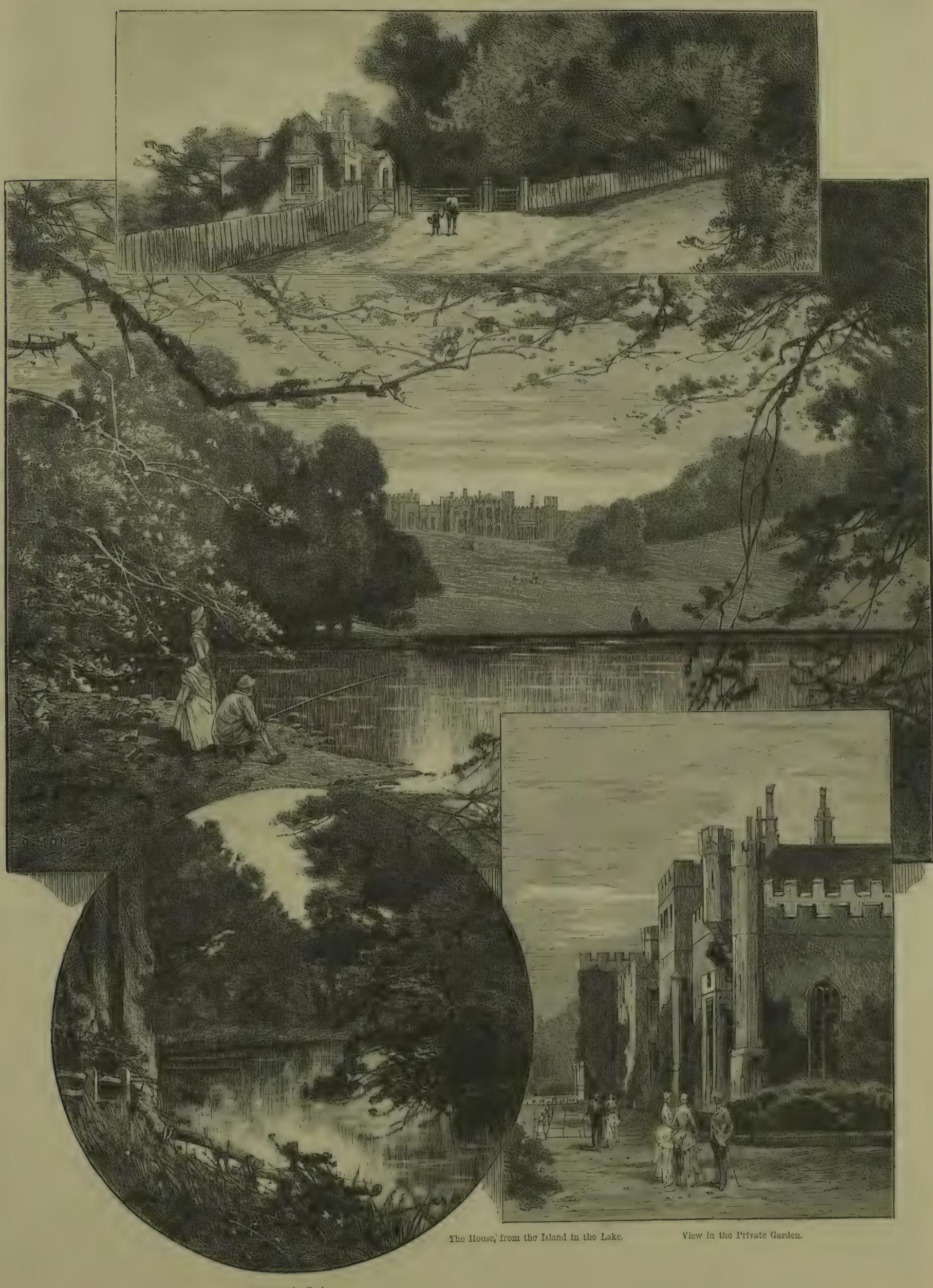
The representation of British fine-arts at the Paris Exhibition promises to be an excellent one, many owners of pictures having consented to lend works of art. The Water-Colour Gallery also promises to be very attractive, and most of the best artists will be represented. A large number of subscriptions have been already received for the fund which is being raised to defray the expenses; but about £500 is still required, and for this sum Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir J. D. Linton, with their colleagues on the Fine-Arts Committee, are making a renewed application to those who desire to see this country worthily represented at the Exhibition.

Mr. R. Burton Sanderson has accepted the Mastership of Earl Percy's Hunt, on a yearly subscription of £1400, towards which the noble Earl has promised £500.

Dr. Beaney, of Melbourne, has intimated to the Mayor of Canterbury (his native city) his desire to found a Free Library and Working Men's Institute there; and a committee has been formed for the purpose of carrying the proposal into effect.

## ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XVIII. PANSHANGER.

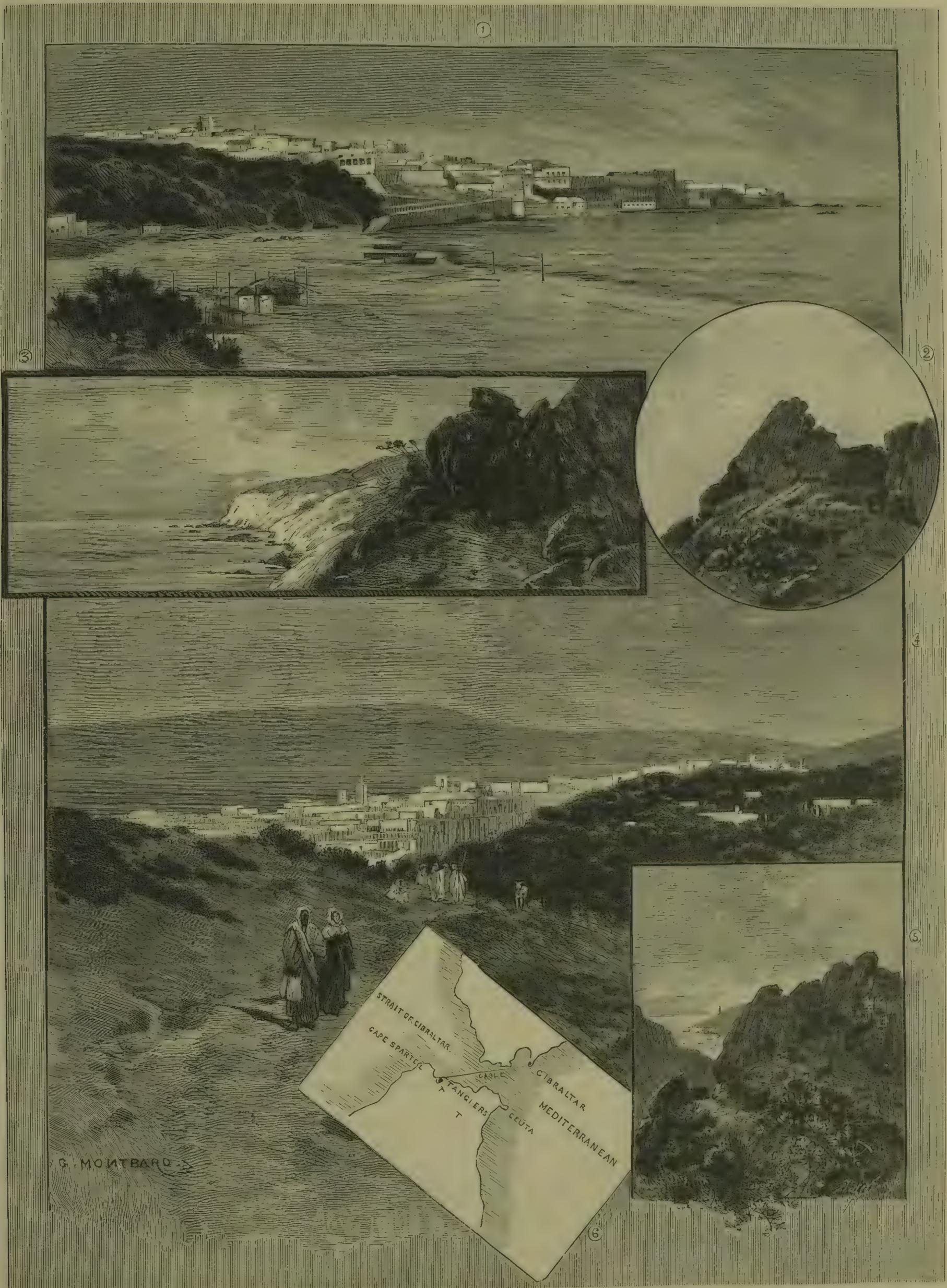
Entrance to the Park.



The House, from the Island in the Lake.

View in the Private Garden.





1. Tangier, from the Beach.

2. Rocks of Cape Spartel.

3. Below the Lighthouse, Cape Spartel.

4. Tangier, from inland.

5. Road to the Cape Spartel Lighthouse.

6. Map.

## TANGIER AND MOROCCO.

Mark Twain, in speaking of Tangier, has said that on visiting the town, he felt as if he had been taken by the neck and dropped into the middle of the Old Testament. Another writer remarks that he walked through scenes reproduced from the pages of the "Arabian Nights"; and the visitor from Europe will recognise much truth in both statements. Viewed from the bay, when the passenger-steamers cast anchor, the first impressions of the town are extremely favourable. The flat-roofed houses are grouped together in picturesque confusion; and the mosques, with their slender graceful minarets, inlaid with azulejos, or glazed coloured tiles, show the Oriental character of the architecture. The old walls and fortifications, which date in some parts from the time of the Romans, invest the place with an air of antiquity; while the Kasbah or fort, with its towers and battlements, situated on an elevation, stands out well defined against the clear blue sky. Outside the walls, the background of the picture is formed of dark green foliage, and of pretty flower gardens, surrounding the neat villas which have sprung up of late years. These picturesque dwellings are the residences of some of the official and non-official Europeans. Lying to the east of Tangier is a broad, semi-circular shore of yellow sand, affording a pleasant promenade, where, in the summer months, the inhabitants congregate for sea-bathing, and a romantic line of hills rises on the Spanish coast only twelve miles away across the Straits. On the African side, to the westward, mountain ranges also close the view; they are all offshoots of the Reeffian highlands, which render this wild territory difficult of access. The scenery is, in fact, extremely fine, while the climate is both healthy and agreeable. There are comfortable hotels on the European principle; and, as Tangier is the diplomatic capital, there is good society; in a word, the tourist will find a sojourn here very enjoyable, for this spot is fast becoming one of the favourite Mediterranean watering-places.

It is certain that Morocco, having become better known within the last ten or fifteen years, now offers considerable attractions to the English tourist. The antiquary will find an *embarras de choix* in monuments and records left by ancient races who have made that country the theatre of the eventful scenes and often sanguinary dramas they have played in this world's bygone history. In various districts of the empire are to be found cromlechs, monoliths, and tumuli bearing testimony that the strange prehistoric race which has left vestiges of the same character throughout the British Isles and Western Europe generally, for many ages had also occupied North-western Africa. Carthaginians, Romans, and Arabs have in turn conquered; and each nation has left evidences in archaeological remains of its own peculiar civilisation. But in Morocco, as in every other country where it has passed, Mohammedanism has only left a picturesque ruin behind it. The fact that the greatest part of Western Barbary has been so long secluded from contact with the outer world makes the country all the more interesting now that it commences to be explored more than heretofore. Its many advantages and resources are becoming better known and appreciated. The climate is found to be superb; the soil is rich, and capable of producing the most varied products. The scenery in the mountain regions is truly grand, presenting features hardly to be surpassed in any country in the world; the mineral wealth is almost untouched, and from general accounts appears to be enormous; in fact, the sportsman in search of recreation, the artist desiring exquisite subjects for his brush, the invalid in quest of a mild and healthy climate, or the ordinary tourist *bliss* with the stereotyped civilisation of Europe, may find an agreeable and interesting sojourn in the little known territories of Morocco.

## BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Mr. Thomas Thorne took the chair, on March 20, at the thirty-third anniversary dinner in aid of the benevolent branch of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund, in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. The company comprised nearly two hundred gentlemen. It was announced that over £700 had been received in subscriptions.

The Duke of Cambridge presided on March 20 at the anniversary festival of the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, held in the hall of the Clothworkers' Company, Mincing-lane. The company present numbered nearly 200. At present the asylum has accommodation for 240 boys and 160 girls, but unfortunately means have not been forthcoming to enable this number of inmates to be received, and there is still accommodation for sixty children. The institution has no endowment whatever. Its expenditure is about £11,000 a year, and it has to depend on annual subscriptions to the amount of £4000. Before the close of the proceedings the secretary announced subscriptions amounting to £2160.

The 111th anniversary of the Highland Society of London was celebrated by a dinner at the Hôtel Métropole on March 21, Lord Abinger, the president, in the chair. Upwards of a hundred gentlemen were present. The society was instituted in 1778 with the view of preserving the martial spirit, language, dress, music, literature, and antiquities of the Highlands; establishing schools, relieving distress, and promoting generally the improvement and welfare of Northern Britain; but at the present time the funds of the society are devoted almost exclusively to the higher education of natives of the northern parts of the kingdom.

The forty-third annual meeting of the House of Charity was held on March 21, at Greek-street, Soho, under the presidency of the warden, the Rev. J. J. Elkington, among those present being Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Biddulph, Mrs. Engleheart, and Mrs. Dalrymple. The report of the warden and council for the past year showed that the admissions numbered 537, as compared with 488 in 1887. Among the cases benefited twenty-five were emigrated to various parts of Canada and Australia. The number of subscribers showed an increase.

In St. James's Hall Restaurant on March 21 the sixteenth festival dinner in support of the funds of the Hackney Carriage Proprietors' Provident Institution was held, under the chairmanship of Mr. Herbert Rymill, president of the institution.

The triennial festival of the Royal General Dispensary was held on March 22, at the Albion, Aldersgate-street, under the presidency of Mr. H. C. Stephens, M.P. The managers hope that during the present year they will be able to pay off a debt of £3000, and to meet this object they appeal for increased support. Subscriptions amounting to about £400 were announced, including £25 from the chairman.

The Committee of the Royal Humane Society have awarded silver medals to Andrew Whitelaw, an engine-keeper, for his bravery in rescuing several persons from drowning in an ice accident at Dunfermline on Jan. 2; and to Dr. Andrew Lees Bell, for his exertions in attempting to save a young woman on the same occasion. The accident occurred when several hundred people were on the Townhill Loch.

The Goldsmiths' Company has voted £20 to Mrs. Hilton's crèche and branches in Stepney-causeway.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*

**AMATEUR (Havannah).**—Thanks; we quite agree with you, but Mr. Steinitz is proverbially tenacious of his opinions, and we have a healthy British admiration of his pluck.

**R. A. CAMPBELL (Michigan, U.S.A.).**—*Straunton's "Praxis"* is published by Bohn, London, price 5s. The interposing piece gives check, notwithstanding it is pinned, and the adversary must get out of it somehow.

**H. L. (Highgate).**—Probability is desirable, but not of importance. As a matter of fact, nearly all constructed positions have an element of improbability in their composition.

**A. BECHGER (Alost).**—1. You can only print the diagrams. 2. Yes; the Pawn can move two. 3. If Castling is possible on both sides at the same time, it is usual to say—Castles K R or Q R, as the case may be. 4. The problem shall be examined.

**C. M. A. B.**—If you will kindly look at problem No. 2341 you will see that Black's Pawns are both blocked, and cannot therefore make the moves you suggest as fatal to the author's solution.

**W. A. P. (Sudbury).**—As White does not vary his moves, Black can rightly claim a draw.

**D. H. R. J. (Llanwddyn).**—The law on the subject is clear. "If 'Check' is not uttered, and the adversary makes a move which really covers the check, such move must stand, as it proves the check to have been observed" (*Straunton*). If your diagram is correct, this gives a forced win for A; but so also does the move over which the dispute occurred.

**J. JOHN.**—Loyd's problem did not appear in this column. We cannot refer to our file at the moment on the other matter, but about the year 1868.

**E. D.**—We hope you will have better success with the "spotted beauties" than the chequered ones. Your solution of No. 2345 is wrong; that of No. 2343 is admitted.

**J. AMYGDALIS (Trieste).**—Send problems on diagrams. The paper on which they were written has got injured and we cannot set up the positions.

**M. JACKSON.**—Not forgotten, and shall be finally reported upon next week.

**S. R. BURGESS.**—1. B to K 5th, K to K 6th; 2. Q takes Kt, Q takes P; 3. Q takes Q, B to 2nd; 4. Q to K 5th (ch), K takes P; 5. Q to Q 4th (ch), K moves; 6. Q takes B, Mate. Black has other moves, but these are the best; and, in any case, mate can be postponed no longer.

**C. E. TAYLOR (Putney).**—Thanks; shall be examined.

**W. NEISH (Kingston, Canada).**—Wide of mark. See published solution.

**J. C. B. (Dunmow).**—Yes, it can.

**HEREWARD.**—Because there would have been a second solution.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2343** received from Joseph Slater (Liverpool), T. Roberts, F. G. R. (Shrewsbury), H. S. B. (Ben Khydding), M. A. Eyre (Dedham), J. J. B. (Hallingbury), Several Members of the Circule Valencians, Odine pro regia (Holland), H. S. B. (Shooter's Hill), and Edward Dawson, jun.; of No. 2344 from Z. Ingold (Boston), E. Bohnstedt, W. Vernon Arnold, P. C. (The Hague), A. H. Mole, J. J. B. (London), G. Grant, Lisette Birkett (Richmond), T. W. Sedgley, W. F. Schiele (Newcastle), F. R. Pickering, and L. F. Dries.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2345** received from J. J. B. (Hallingbury), A. H. Mole, A. R. Wilson (New Burnet), E. Schwann, W. F. B. (E. Bohnstedt), F. Fernand (Dulwich), W. R. Rainier, Howard A. T. Roberts, E. Casella (Paris), Martin F. (Dover), B. H. N. Harris, J. H. H. (Hull), Julia Short, A. Newland, A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Kitten (Oxford), H. L. Jenkins (Grantham), A. P. Greenly, James Sage, W. H. Hayton, L. Desmazes, Swyr, H. N. Banks, H. B. (London), Thomas Chown, H. Dorrington, W. D. Halliburton-Bell, G. Wormald, Mrs. Kelly (Lifton), J. G. H. H. (H. H. Brooks), the Rev. H. Lawrence (Highgate), Dr. F. St. J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. E. Herbert (Ashford), J. Coade, Jupiter Junior, J. T. W. J. O. Tabor (Ashford), J. Ryder, W. Wright, G. J. Veale, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), C. E. P., E. Louden, L. F. Dries, the Rev. J. Gaskin (Reims), John Miles, R. Worters (Canterbury), Alpha, Bernard Reynolds, Herward, and W. Hughes (Ross).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2343.

By Signor ASPA.

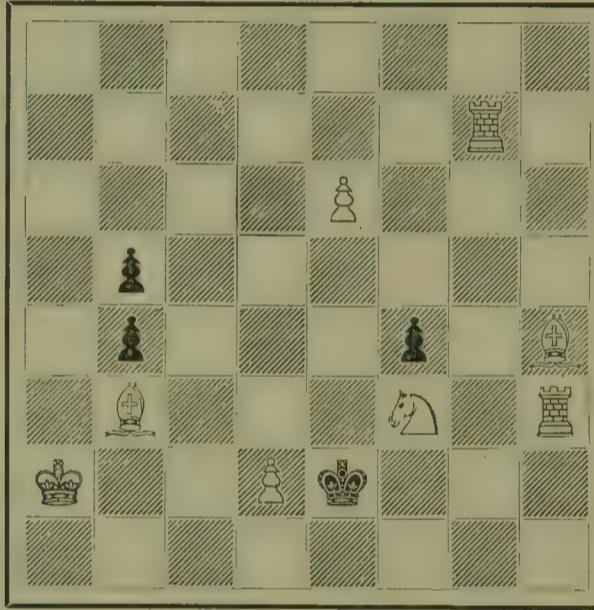
WHITE. 1. K to R 7th  
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK. Any move

## PROBLEM NO. 2347.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN HAVANNAH.

Game in the match between MESSRS. STEINITZ and TSCHIGORIN.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) 1. P to K 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd 3. B to B 4th 4. P to Q Kt 4th 5. P to Q B 3rd 6. Castles

BLACK (Mr. S.) P to K 4th 1. Kt to Q B 3rd 2. B to 4th 3. B takes P 4. Kt to B 6th (ch) 5. P to B 3rd 6. Castles

Mr. Steinitz deserves credit for the courage of his convictions; but we think this move will scarcely become a popular defence.

7. P to Q 4th 8. Kt to K 2nd 9. Kt to K 5th 10. P to K 2nd 11. B to K 3rd

Kt takes B P to K 2nd Kt to Q 5th P to B 3rd

Casting is obviously dangerous, as it would be met with 9. Kt takes B P, R takes Kt; 10. P to K B 4th, with a fine game.

12. B takes Q P 13. P takes Kt 14. Kt to Q B 3rd 15. K Kt to K 4th 16. B to B 2nd

Kt takes B R takes Q P Castles R to K 5th

This P is given up to enable Black to escape from his cramped position.

17. R to K sq 18. Kt to Q B 5th 19. Q takes R 20. Q to K 3rd 21. Kt takes B 22. Kt takes Q P 23. Kt takes B 24. R to K sq 25. P to Q 5th

A grave error, which loses a piece and the game. Black overlooked the fact that the opposing Queen commanded his Q R stl; R to K 4th would have drawn.

26. R to Q sq 27. Q to K 5th

Mr. Steinitz presumably plays for a win.

28. R takes Kt 29. Q takes R 30. B takes Q Kt P

R takes Q P Resigns.

A match between the newly formed West County Chess Association and the City of London Club (second team) was played on Wednesday, March 20, and resulted in a win for the City by 15 games to 5. As was to have been expected, the new Association has not yet got into working order, and the districts in which its strength lies have not yet been discovered. Dover, which was represented by Mr. C. J. Pursey, Mr. H. Hayward, Lord Brownlow Cecil, and Dr. Ormsby, made a drawn battle; and Rochester, which was represented by the Rev. L. W. Lewis, Mr. J. E. Harris, Mr. J. H. Biggs, and Mr. G. A. Pope, also made a drawn battle; but Canterbury, Gravesend, Thanet, Ashford, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate drew only two games out of 12 played. The players who drew were Dr. C. Firth, of Gravesend, and Mr. C. F. Whiteman, of Canterbury.

Charterhouse beat Westminster School in their annual chess-match by 8 games to 4.

It is stated that the new Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hon. Artillery Company is Viscount De Vesci, late of the Coldstream Guards; and that the Adjutant will be Captain Labalmondiere, Royal Artillery.

A bazaar, realising an Eastern scene from the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," is to be held in the music-room of the Countess of Aberdeen's new house in Grosvenor-square, on April 5 and 6, on behalf of St. Mary's parish church building in St. George's-in-the-East. Among the stall-holders will be the Marchioness of Tavistock, Lady George Hamilton, Mrs. Gladstone, the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Balfour of Burleigh, and Lady Fanny Marjoribanks.

## THE FREE THAMES FERRY AT WOOLWICH.

On Saturday, March 23, the steam-ferry constructed by the late Metropolitan Board of Works, to afford communication, free of charge, between North and South Woolwich, was opened by Lord Rosebery, chairman of the new London County Council. His Lordship, accompanied by Lord Linen, Mr. Firth, M.P., and other members of the Council, Colonel Hughes, M.P. for Woolwich, Mr. G. J. Champion, Chairman of the Woolwich Local Board, and members of that body and of Woolwich in a procession of open carriages. These were preceded by the trade societies and friendly societies of the town, with their banners, emblems, and bands of music, and the boys of the Marine Society from the Warspite. The streets were lined with Volunteers, the 2nd Kent (Plumstead) Artillery, the 3rd Kent (Royal Arsenal) Artillery, and the 3rd Kent (Royal Arsenal) Rifles. At the landing-stage, near the bottom of Nile-street, two of the County Council carriages, with Lord Rosebery and others, drove on to the bridge, followed by three bands of music and about five hundred ladies and gentlemen walking. On reaching the end of the south-side pontoon bridge, they embarked on board the ferry steamer, the Gordon, which in three minutes and a half carried them across to the north-side pier. Here they landed, and were met by the procession from North Woolwich, with more flags, another band of music, and the steam fire-engine of Beckton Gasworks, manned and decorated. After staying on that side half-an-hour, they recrossed the Thames to Woolwich, and Lord Rosebery, standing in the carriage, in front of a stand filled with people, declared the ferry open free for ever. A procession then went to the Freemasons' Hall, where there was a banquet for two hundred guests; Mr. G. J. Champion presided, and Mr. Firth represented the London County Council.

The works of this useful Thames Ferry were designed by Sir Joseph Bazalgette, C.B., engineer of the late Metropolitan Board of Works, and were carried out under the direction of Mr. Edward Bazalgette, M.I.C.E., and of the resident engineer, Mr. W. T. Waters. The general contractors for all the works were Messrs. J. Mowlem and Co., of Grosvenor-wharf; Mr. C. J. Higgins was their resident agent. Under Messrs. Mowlem's general contract, the bridges and pontoons were constructed by the Thames Iron Company (Limited) of Blackwall; the hydraulic apparatus supplied by Messrs. Easton and Anderson, of Erith; the steam-boats by Messrs. Green, of Blackwall; and the gas-lighting by Messrs. Strode and Co. The bridges, on the south and north sides, are each 174 ft. long, constructed of iron lattice-girders resting on piles; the piles on the south side were driven in a bed of chalk, but those on the north side caused some difficulty, from slips of peat strata on gravel, and from contention with water. The outer ends of these bridges rest on pontoons which rise and fall with the tide, and are furnished with iron brows, let down by hydraulic power, to allow carriages to pass from the bridges to the steam-boat. There are two carriage-ways and gangways right and left for foot-passengers, in the bridges. The approach on the south side is from Nile-street, Woolwich; on the north side, adjacent to the Great Eastern Railway Station, North Woolwich, from which our view of the ferry is taken. There are two ferry steamers, the Gordon and the Duncan, which are paddle-boats, with powerful diagonal engines; one paddle can reverse while the other goes forward, and there are rudders fore and aft. Captain Giles commands the Gordon, and Captain C. Young the other boat. These boats are furnished with incandescent electric lights.

## THE DEFRIES' SAFETY OIL-STOVE.

We were present, together with many others, to witness a display of cooking with the Defries' safety oil-stoves, and must certainly testify to the accuracy of all that is stated in their favour, having seen large joints roasted and pastry baked, simultaneously, with one stove in a couple of hours, and a number of chops and steaks grilled in a quarter of an hour, and having tasted the food so cooked. There is no doubt that the introduction of this new heating and cooking stove, by the Defries' Safety-Lamp and Oil Company (Limited), marks a completely new era in the uses to which mineral oil can be successfully adapted. There is not the remotest *soufflé* of smoke or smell emitted from the stoves, and their combustion being so perfect the whole of the heat generated is utilised. Their economy is manifest, for they can be lit and put to full power at a moment's notice, and without any attention. The principle on which they are constructed is excellent; a powerful, forced draught is produced without any mechanism, by means of which the stoves burn with a blue flame of great intensity, and that they cannot smoke was clearly demonstrated by Mr. Defries. The public have but to know of the introduction of such a heating and cooking stove to be perfectly indifferent to the formation of the projected coal ring and the subsequent rise in the price of coal.

The third annual photographic conference of the Camera Club was held in the theatre of the Society of Arts on March 26 and 27.

Sir John Lubbock, M.P., presided on March 20 at the annual meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce, and reviewed the subjects which had engrossed the attention of that body and of commercial men during the past year. He alluded to the armaments of foreign Powers and the proposed increase of the Navy, and suggested that the time had come to consider the advisability of establishing a permanent International Court of Arbitration, to which any disputes might be submitted.

By order of the President of the Local Government Board, the Metropolitan Board of Works transferred to the London County Council, on March 21, its powers, duties, property, debts, and liabilities. The Provisional Council for the County of London became that day the London County Council, took possession of the premises of the Metropolitan Board at Spring-gardens, and entered on the full exercise of its powers. The Earl of Rosebery congratulated the members on their having become a practical body. He considered that during their provisional stage of existence they had accomplished much work.

The preachers in Westminster Abbey for April are as follows:—Sunday, the 7th, at ten a.m. in choir, the Dean of Peterborough for the Church Missionary Society; at seven p.m. in choir, the Rev. Brook Lambert, Vicar of Greenwich. Sunday, the 14th, at ten a.m. in choir, the Rev. B. H. Alford, Vicar of St. Luke's, Kentish-town; at seven p.m. in choir, the Bishop of Moosonee (Hudson's Bay). Sunday, the 21st, Easter Day, at ten a.m. in choir, the Dean. Sunday, the 28th, at ten a.m. in choir, Canon Fleming, for British and Foreign Bible Society; at seven p.m. in choir, the Rev. A. F. Kirkpatrick, Canon of Ely and Regius Professor of Hebrew, University of Cambridge. The Rev. Dr. Westcott (as Canon in Residence) will preach each Sunday afternoon at three p.m. in choir. Good Friday, Canon Westcott will preach in the morning, and the Dean in the evening; on Easter Monday, the Dean; on Easter Tuesday, Dr. Troutbeck.

## OBITUARY.

## SIR THOMAS GLADSTONE, BART.

Sir Thomas Gladstone, second Baronet, of Fasque and Balfour, in the county of Kincardine, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of that county, died on March 20, at his seat, near Laurence Kirk. He was born July 25, 1804, the eldest son of Sir John Gladstone (who was created a Baronet July 18, 1846), by Anne, his second wife, daughter of Mr. Andrew Robertson, Provost of Dingwall, Ross-shire, and was brother of the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, D.C.L., late Prime Minister. He was educated at Eton, and at Christchurch, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1827 and proceeded M.A. in 1830. He was made D.C.L. in 1853. He sat as Member of Parliament for Queenborough, 1830; for Portarlington, 1832 to 1835; for Leicester, 1835 to 1837; and for Ipswich, 1842. The deceased Baronet married, Aug. 27, 1835, Louisa, second daughter of Mr. Robert Fellowes, of Shotesham Park, in the county of Norfolk, and leaves, with a daughter, an only son, now Sir John Robert Gladstone, third



## THE LATE MR. W. F. DONKIN.

The exhibition at the Gainsborough Gallery, Old Bond-street, of photograph-views of mountain scenery in the Alps and in the Caucasus, under the direction of the Committees of the



THE LATE MR. W. F. DONKIN,

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER AND SECRETARY TO THE ALPINE CLUB.

Alpine Club and of the Photographic Society, consists of more than three hundred works of this gentleman, who was killed last year, probably by an avalanche, in one of his arduous expeditions in the Caucasus. Mr. Donkin was secretary of the Alpine Club, and made some of the most difficult ascents which have been recorded of late years. He utilised his knowledge of chemical and optical science in order to produce accurate pictures of mountain scenery from points not accessible to ordinary tourists, and his photographs have repeatedly formed the chief feature of the annual exhibition of Alpine scenes held by the club at Willis's Rooms. In the introduction to the catalogue of this exhibition we are told that, whereas other photographers have availed themselves of an army of porters for the transport of their photographic paraphernalia, he almost invariably carried his camera himself, the whole apparatus, in knapsack form, weighing about 15 lb. A halt of ten minutes was all he needed to obtain a photograph; and many of his views, such as those from the summits of the Weisshorn, the Aiguille du Dru, and the Schreckhorn are taken on spots as difficult of access as any in the Alps. The photographs of the Caucasus are less satisfactory than the others. In Mr. Donkin's visit in 1886 he was unfortunate in the matter of weather, and although those of the upper snow-fields of the Bezingi Glacier and of the north side of Djanga give a good idea of the enormous *séracs* and tremendous precipices of the range, their chief interest is attributable to the fact that they show the place near which he lost his life, two years later. Unluckily, such of the negatives of 1888 as were found in the baggage left by the unfortunate party suffered on their journey to England, and are not comparable with the rest, though they possess much topographical interest. They will, however, be cherished as the last work of a man of science, who "devoted himself to reveal to all men the most inaccessible splendours of the mountains—who takes us up with him to the pure upper world, where the clouds are so often spread beneath as a floor, while the white peaks shine under a vapourless vault—who was no unworthy priest of that temple of Nature in which he has now found his last resting-place."

## THE LATE SIR THOMAS GLADSTONE, BART.

Baronet, who is a Deputy Lieutenant for Kincardine and was formerly Captain in the Coldstream Guards, and was born in 1852.

We have also to record the deaths of—

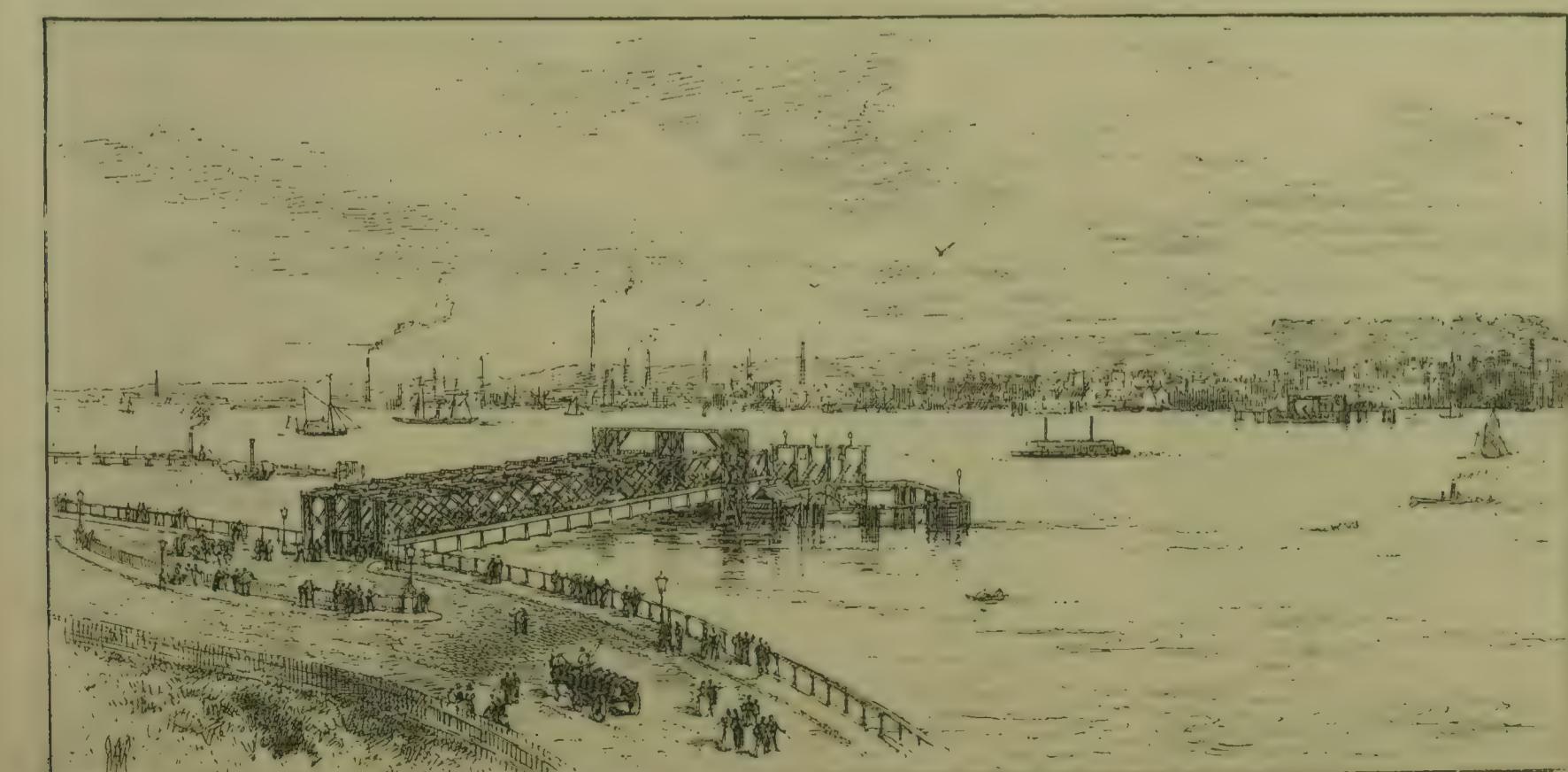
Mr. Percy B. St. John, the well-known novelist, after a short illness.

Colonel George Alexander Black, late Bengal Staff Corps, on March 13, at his residence in Bath, in his sixty-ninth year.

Lady Arnold (Fannie Maria Adelaide), wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., and daughter of the Rev. W. H. Channing, on March 15, at 21, West Cromwell-road, Kensington.

Mr. James Wickens, of Donnington Hall, in the county of Hereford, on March 6, aged seventy-two. He was educated at Christchurch, Oxford (B.A., 1839; M.A., 1844), and was a Justice of the Peace for Hereford.

Colonel Henry Nicholas Reeves, Bombay Staff Corps, at 9, Palace Garden-terrace, Kensington, W., on March 19. He entered the Army in 1857, became Captain in 1869, Major in 1877, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1883, and Colonel in 1887. He was present at the siege and occupation of Dwarka, 1859, for which he received a medal.



FREE FERRY ACROSS THE THAMES AT WOOLWICH.

## THE LATE MR. S. C. HALL.

The death of Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, in his eighty-ninth year, was recently announced. Mr. Hall, though born at the Geneva Barracks, Waterford, was of an old Devonshire family, and spent much of his early boyhood in Devonshire. He was son of Colonel Robert Hall, who was an officer in the 89th Regiment. His first literary work was published at Cork in 1820, but he came to London in 1822, and was for a time secretary to the famous Italian poet, Ugo Foscolo. He was called to the Bar, at the Inner Temple, in 1824, and in that year married Miss Anna Maria Fielding, a lady of great literary talent and industry. Mr. Hall succeeded the poet Campbell as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he relinquished to Theodore Hook in 1836, transferring his services to *John Bull*, and then to the *Britannia*. Ten years before, in 1826, Mr. Hall had established the *Amulet*, of which eleven annual volumes were published; it was finely illustrated, and received contributions from some of the best writers of the time. In 1839, Mr. Hall projected and founded the *Art Journal*, known during the first ten years of its existence as the *Art Union*. The importance

THE LATE MR. S. C. HALL.  
FOUNDER AND EDITOR OF THE "ART JOURNAL."

of this successful publication has been generally recognised. In 1880 Mr. Hall retired from the editorship of the *Art Journal*. A few months before, at the gracious and thoughtful suggestion of the Queen, a Civil List life pension of £150 was conferred on Mr. Hall, "for long and great services to literature." It may be mentioned also that Mr. Hall edited "The Book of Gems," "The Book of British Ballads," "Baronial Halls," "The Book of the Thames," and other illustrated works. The list of the works, original and edited, by Mr. and Mrs. Hall, amounts to 360 volumes. Mr. Hall's "Retrospect of a Long Life" appeared, in two volumes, in 1883. In 1881 he published a collection of poems dedicated, by the express sanction of her Majesty, to the grandchildren of the Queen, entitled "Rhymes in Council: Aphorisms Versified." His last work was "A Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age," in which he gave his recollections of the many literary celebrities he had become acquainted with from 1815 down to 1872. We may add that Mr. S. C. Hall assisted in founding some excellent charities of London, amongst which are the Hospital for Consumption and the Governesses' Institution. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Wentworth Croke.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN  
WATER-COLOURS.

## SECOND NOTICE.

Mr. E. J. Gregory's brilliant fantasia, "The Sound of Oars" (336), is, as its title suggests, a riverside retreat, the occupants of which are suddenly brought back from their noonday reverie to thoughts of the outside garish world. The little picture is as bright as art and nature can make it, and Mr. Gregory only just falls short of some of his previous efforts in the same direction. In a very different way, Mr. Thomas Pyne's "Medina" (21) gives an equally tempting rendering of an English summer; and those who know the Isle of Wight when suffused by a golden haze will recognise the truthfulness as well as the delicacy of the work. Close by hangs Mr. Percy Dixon's "Dulb Loch" (20), surrounded by rocks and mountains round which the mist gathers, whilst on one steep side a glint of sunshine serves to heighten the grandeur of the scene. Mr. Joseph Knight's "Moorland Road" (74) is a picture on a somewhat larger scale than is usual with him. It is painted with a great sense of colour, but, like all his works, is somewhat heavy and brown in tone; still, the cold autumnal wind which blows across the inhospitable moor is powerfully suggested. Mr. Arthur Severn's "Amiens" (85), as seen from the flat banks of the sluggish Somme, is, in many ways, the most artistic landscape of the exhibition. The hard row of poplars which line the river's side are firmly and, at the same time, delicately drawn, contrasting with the grand mass of the Gothic cathedral which looms through the haze and towers over the rest of the town. The clouds—touched by the setting sun—give an almost Turner-esque effect to the scene, of which the artist has translated the beauties with rare power. Equal praise can scarcely be accorded to M. Jules Lessore's cold, grey rendering of "Edinburgh Castle" (100), as seen from Calton Hill. No capital in the world, unless Salzburg be so dignified, surpasses the Northern Athens in picturesqueness, and the artist who allows his fancy to take liberties with the truth will scarcely improve upon it. M. Lessore has another view of the castle from the Princes-street Gardens (313), in which he has restrained his imagination more; and in this, as well as in his other numerous contributions to the present exhibition, we recognise his skill and happy handling of such different spots as "Delft" (352), "Greenwich" (444), "Rouen" (762), and "Rochester" (800). Mr. J. W. Whymper's soft treatment of "Cader Idris" (131) contrasts strongly with Mr. Jackson Curnock's vigorous rendering of "Llyn Idwal" (410), which latter deserves a high place among the landscapes of the year. The artist has not shirked the difficulties of his subject; and alike in the rendering of the wet rocks over which the boiling torrent rushes and in the weird rocks which shut in "The Devil's Cauldron," he displays the resources of his skill. Another very striking bit of landscape is Mr. Bernard Evans's "Knaresbro" (195), as seen from a little way out of the town, and looking across the deep cleft

through which the Nidd runs to the picturesque town on the opposite hill-top. Two shore studies, "Hauling the Spiller" (194), by Mr. R. H. Carter (the way in which plaice are caught by line) and "Cockle-Gathering at Southport" (227) are both interesting works—the former from its harmonious colouring, and the latter from the boldness with which the figures dotted over the gleaming mud and sands are treated.

The most noteworthy, however, of the sea-pieces is Mr. Edwin Hayes's "Wreck on the Doom Bar" (259), over which the rushing waves are breaking and the heavy clouds are lowering. The view of "Arran" (492) from the coast of Cantyre, by Mr. Frank Walton, may well be classed as a seapicture; the wide stretch of bright water occupying the greater part of the picture, and conveying well the idea of "the lull of the waves on a low lee shore." Mr. Arthur Severn's "Approach to Venice" (776), by moonlight; Mr. Thomas Huson's "Castletown" (812), with its harbour full of fishing-boats; Mr. E. Hargitt's striking view of "Loch Ling" (784), with its high bastion of rocks; and Mr. W. W. May's "Katwijk" (304), on the Dutch coast, are also fine works in their way, in which water plays as large a part as dry land. Amongst the other landscapes which deserve notice may be mentioned Mr. H. G. Hine's "Sussex Downs" (310), bathed in rich golden haze; Mrs. Paul Naftel's "Woodland Glade" (197), through which the little stream winds its flower-decked way; Mr. E. M. Wimperis's "Ferry" (315), over which the cold autumn wind is blowing, making the reeds and sedges shiver beneath its blast; Mr. Keeley Halswell's more tempting "Banks of a Sussex River" (374) under the summer sun; Mr. James Orrocks's view of that most picturesque of Border spots, "Naworth Castle" (527); "Old Battersea Bridge" (322) by Mr. Alfred East, and his still more attractive, because more imaginative, study of "Wet Weather" (468) outside the door of the village saw-mill; Mr. Thomas Collier's "Moor and Mountain" (448), broad and strong in colour; and Mr. Aumonier's exceedingly clever and truthful landscape, as seen in the pale but not cold summer moonlight (445).

In pictures of still life, Mr. David Carr's "Maréchal Niel Roses" (142) display a delicacy of treatment which it will be difficult to surpass; whilst Miss Youngman's "Queen of Flowers" (233), richer in colour, are well worthy of the second place. Realism can scarcely be carried to a higher pitch than by Mr. B. W. Spiers in his "Unconsidered Trifles" (331) and "Peace and War" (347), in which books, armour, medallions, and the like are produced with Dutch-like fidelity and with a strength that Dutch artists alone reached by means of oil-colour.

There are many other works which deserve notice; but few which, as we said before, will leave any very lasting impression on the visitor, although they will procure an enjoyable hour or more.

The small but choice collection of pictures constituting Mr. McLean's (7, Haymarket) twenty-fifth annual exhibition should satisfy those who look for quality rather than for

quantity in a picture show. The foremost place must of necessity be accorded to Sir J. E. Millais's "Ducklings" (22), a charming figure of a little child, in a greenish frock, feeding young ducklings on the edge of a pond. Never, perhaps, has the artist, especially of recent years, done anything so simple and devoid of finery; but the result is much more attractive than that produced by some of his more highly-dressed children. We can fully realise the truthfulness of the little scene, which the painter has seized with unerring eye. The delicacy with which he treats the very slight accessories of the work is evidence of the attractiveness it had for him. Two remarkably large pictures by Mr. Birket Foster—"Strassburg" (43) and "A Swiss Torrent" (42)—painted about fifteen years ago, give a very different, and, personally, we think a far higher, idea of the artist's powers than his more modern work. Mr. McWhirter sends a Scotch landscape (35) full of lovely autumn tints and blue distances; whilst Mr. Peter Graham and his clever imitator, Mr. L. B. Hunt, show us "Caledonia, stern and wild!" The deep glen among the mountains of Skye (46), by the latter, is one of the most attractive landscapes in the room. Mr. Godward continues to pour forth clever imitations of Mr. Alma-Tadema, and even his figure subjects—"Callirhoe" (42) and "Meditation" (62)—are wanting in originality of thought and method; and Mr. Pettie contributes "The Beginning of a Fray" (16) between two slim but brilliant gentlemen, although he leaves us in considerable doubt as to how either of them could have reached the point chosen in the presence of the lady, who, naturally, withdraws hastily up the dark staircase. The foreign schools are represented by M. Jules Breton's "Cap d'Antibes" (5), a fine piece of landscape work in the artist's prose style, and "A Heartache" (48), belonging too much to his "keepsake" period; by Herr Gaisser's "Visit to the Goldsmith" (34), full of minute Terburg-like work; and Munkacsy's "Love and Song" (36), a powerful piece of painting, with a moral regarding the subjection of women which should call for instant reprobation by the champions of women's rights.

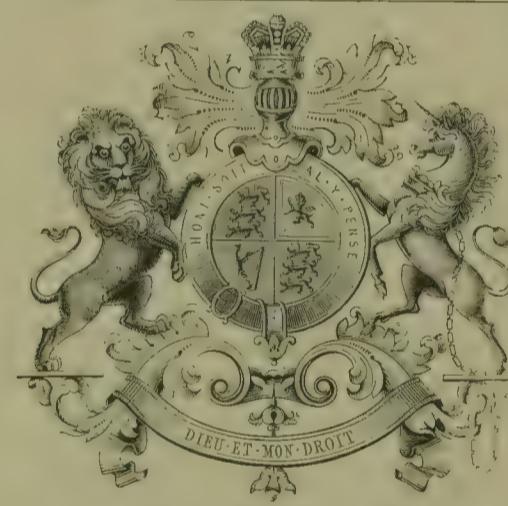
Lieutenant-General Sir Edward G. Bulwer has been sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey.

The Board of Trade have awarded their silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to William Murray, commissioned coastguard boatman at Portpatrick, for his gallant and praiseworthy services on the occasion of the wreck at that place of the barque *Roseneath*, of Glasgow, on Feb. 2 last.

At a council meeting of the British Archaeological Association the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham was unanimously elected president of the congress to be held at Lincoln during this year—namely, from Monday, July 29, until Saturday, Aug. 3 next. Mr. Wright, F.S.A., hon. congress secretary, informed the council that the Bishop of Lincoln had consented to be the patron of the coming congress, and that the Bishop-Suffragan of Nottingham, Dr. Trollope, had kindly offered his services during the week's proceedings.



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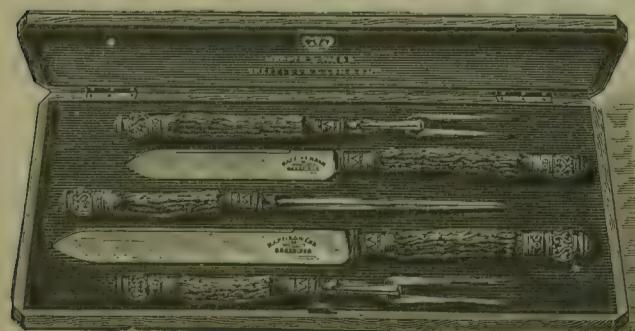
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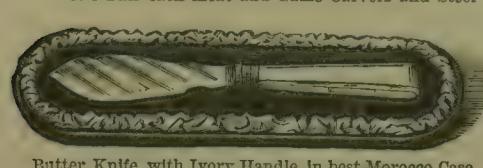
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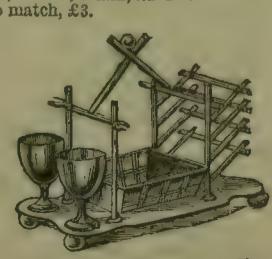
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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Never was there so interesting a Women's Suffrage meeting—or, at all events, not since the early days of the movement, when the whole question was novel—as that which took place at Prince's Hall on March 21. The great audience which crowded the hall remained almost unbroken in numbers till after eleven at night. The reason for this interest was that there was really something to consider, viz.—whether the meeting should or should not protest against that clause in the Bill before the House of Commons which specifically excludes duly-qualified married women from the exercise of the franchise. At the annual general meeting of the subscribers to the society in the morning, I proposed a resolution protesting against that clause, and trusting to see it removed by the House of Commons when the Bill reaches Committee; that resolution was carried then by a majority of nearly three to one. In the evening, Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., moved and the writer seconded a similar protest as a rider to the resolution. Mr. Bright was the first Parliamentary leader of the Women's Suffrage movement. He took up the measure in 1870, when Mr. John Stuart Mill lost his seat in the House of Commons. Nobody who has not gone through the movement can guess how hard it was, in its early days, for men to associate themselves with its advocacy. In these days, when women of all ranks belong to political associations, when Peeresses are more plentiful than their Lords on public platforms, and when the aid of women is openly and respectfully begged for every political movement—in these changed conditions it must be hard for those who have waited for the action of women in politics to become fashionable before joining in the movement, to realise what was the tone of the House of Commons and of the public press in those older days. It was then almost ridiculous for a man and almost discreditable for a woman to be an advocate of "women's rights." At that time Mr. Jacob Bright did not hesitate to take the position of the Parliamentary advocate of the Women's Franchise Bill; and with equal quiet courage and unselfishness he has now come forward to advocate again the true principle of Women's Suffrage, which has for a little been allowed to be disregarded in the Bill before Parliament.

That true principle is that women should have the vote "on the same terms as it is given to men;" whatever those terms may be, sex should not disqualify anybody possessing the legal qualifications. Now, celibacy is not one of the requirements for voting in the case of men, and, therefore, on the principle of equality it should not be a requirement for the vote for women. Of course, nobody asks that *all* married women should be entitled to vote, or that women should vote *because* they are married. A woman "living in family with her husband," as the phrase of the Scotch law is, would not have the present qualification in the immense majority of cases. The husband is the householder, and the responsible ratepayer, and he would, therefore, have the vote. But in those comparatively few cases where a married lady possesses an estate

of her own, or where a wife carries on a business or occupies a house or farm in her own name and on her own responsibility, why should all wives be insulted by being told that such an one must not vote merely because she is married? Is marriage so foolish a transaction, or are married women so inferior to spinsters, that ratepaying women of business or of property are, because they are married, to be disfranchised? It is said that the Common Law disqualifies married women from voting. But even if this be so, that is no reason for our consenting to put a new, undeniable, *statutory* disqualification of them into the very Act of Parliament which professes to give women the same voting rights as men. Besides, the advocates of a reform should always ask for the utmost that their principles require, and let their opponents be the ones to bring forward limitations or introduce deviations from the full principle. Such considerations Mr. Bright laid before the public meeting in a calm, earnest, broad-minded way that produced a great impression, and ultimately, after a fine speech from Dr. Pankhurst, the crowded audience with practical unanimity carried the protest against "the specific exclusion of ratepaying married women" from the action of the Bill.

The "speech of the evening" was made by Mrs. Wynford Philipps, wife of the M.P. for Mid-Lanark, a handsome young brunette, with a melodious and powerful contralto voice. She wore a fashionable low-crowned hat of black lace with small red sprays wandering over the top, and a Directoire gown of black silk with red faille française front and steel buttons. Near her sat another very pretty woman, Madame Agnes Larkcom (Mrs. Jacobs), the well-known singer, in a becoming green Empire bonnet, with a pink rose-wreath filling up the brim and another surrounding the crown. Then there was that most energetic and bright of women doctors, Miss Kate Mitchell (Licentiate of the Irish Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons), in one of the new low bonnets in réséda straw, with an Alsatian bow for trimming, and a handsome black velvet and red brocade mantle. Miss Jane Cobden's picturesque appearance is only part of her personal charm; the snow-white hair turned up above the still youthful face, the eyebrows dark, and the countenance combining in a rare degree the impression of courage and gentleness (much like her father's expression in his best portraits)—this all gives great distinction to her aspect. Mrs. Stanton-Blatch, B.A., one of the American girls who have taken English husbands (for she is the daughter of the great American anti-slavery advocate, Mrs. Stanton), looked at once charming and refined in her black Empire gown and lace bonnet; while Miss Balgarnie, the secretary, has a very "bonny" aspect. If the talk about the ugliness and unfashionableness of women's suffragists, and about "social failures," and "women's rights and men's lefts," and all that sort of thing, had not already nearly died out, it might have been stifled by an accurate picture of the front row of the Prince's Hall platform.

People go about in fashionable life in droves. I once went to Homburg a fortnight after "the Prince" had left, and it was absolutely deserted, while so short a time as fifteen days

before rooms had been unprocurable. Now "the world" is rushing home from the Riviera. Each Sunday, "Church parade" in the Park is reinforced by more faces that have been strange to London for some weeks or months past. Last Sunday, the fine day tempted everybody to a stroll, and some charming new dresses were worn to grace the first gleams of spring sunshine. The Alsatian bow-bonnet carries all before it, and will be quite stale in the West-End before the northern heights of this Babylon have seen it at all. Pretty little short jackets of gendarme blue were very popular; they are made with revers and vest, sometimes in black moiré, &c. Fawn-coloured coats and green frocks were apparently considered to combine. A stylish lady of title had a new mantle of black armure with tight-fitting sleeves, and bodice, short both back and front, sitting to the figure closely; almost to be called a jacket, but for the long top sleeves or draperies. These were of black jetted lace lined with silk, and arranged in full pleats into the top of the shoulder, whence they fell down over the arm, descending almost to the ground. The bonnet had a jet crown and white Alsatian bow and osprey aigrette. A water-cress green velvet polonaise, only slightly raised at the sides over a black moiré skirt, and trimmed with black lace and moiré, was handsome.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

At a final meeting of the subscribers to the Hampstead Heath Extension Fund, on March 23, it was reported that the land added to the heath was 260 acres in extent, and cost £302,000. A balance of £660 was divided between the Commons Preservation and Kyrle Societies.

A circular by the directors of the Provincial Bank, Dublin, to the shareholders, states the total loss incurred by the recent frauds amounts to £23,600. To meet this they purpose taking £20,600 from the reserve fund, which, with £3000, the amount of the guarantee fund, will cover the defalcations, and thus leave the earnings of the bank intact.

Mr. R. K. Causton, M.P., presided at the annual meeting of the Printers' Pension Corporation, held on March 23 at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street. It was shown that the amount expended in pensions during the past year was £2495 10s., the recipients being 66 men and 101 widows. At the almshouses at Wood-green there are residences for twenty-four persons, and there has recently been set on foot a fund for the extension and endowment of the building, for which object £5000 is required, and towards that £1500 has been raised. The scheme contemplates the erection of two additional houses. Under the will of the late Mrs. Holmes a sum of £656 in cash, and securities of the estimated value of £7043 have been received during the year, and the total benefit which the corporation will ultimately derive from this source is estimated at about £10,000. The balance-sheets showed the total income of the three branches of the institution was about £7000. Mr. J. C. Bloomfield has bequeathed £1000 for founding two additional pensions, £500 for extending the almshouses, and £500 for the orphan fund.

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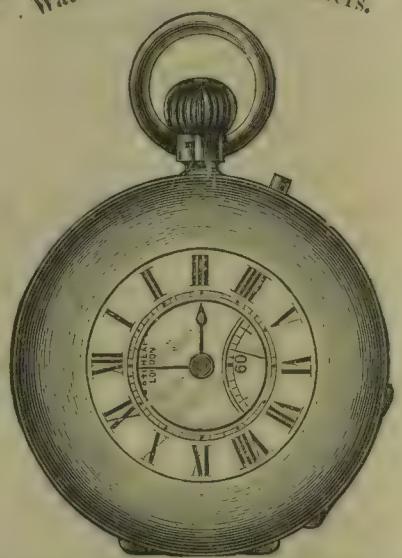
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## LOOK OLD

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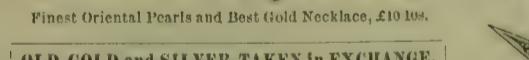
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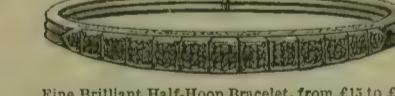
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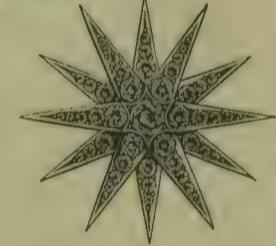
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## MUSIC.

The series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall is nearly completed, five of the six concerts having now been given. The fifth occasion, as already briefly stated, brought forward (for the first time in England) a sacred cantata, "The Light of Asia," the composition of Mr. Dudley Buck, an American gentleman who is highly esteemed in his own locality. As before stated, the work was originally produced last year, at Newark, in America, where it met with great success. The text is based on Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, with some interpolations from his "Indian Song of Songs." Mr. Buck has studied at Leipzig, with the advantage of tuition from Moscheles and Plaidy, Rietz, and Hauptmann. He also afterwards made himself acquainted with French music in Paris, and has produced several works that have attracted much attention in his own country; having, however, been hitherto scarcely known here but by a very pleasing song, "When the heart was young," which was introduced, some years ago, with much success by Mrs. Osgood. Mr. Buck's cantata has now served to make him still more worthily known in this country, and to prove the capacity of America to produce composers who can cope with the higher forms of the art. "The Light of Asia" consists of a prologue and two parts, respectively entitled "The Renunciation" and "The Return," followed by a closing choral epilogue. Mr. Buck's music is written with sound scholarly knowledge, a thorough command of the resources of choral and orchestral effect, and a vein of fluent melody. It is, perhaps, in the choral portions of the cantata that the composer has generally best succeeded, yet there are movements for solo voices that have much interest and melodic charm; among them being the duets for soprano and tenor (especially "Within the bower"), admirably sung by Madame Nordica and Mr. Lloyd. The important bass solos were exceedingly well rendered by Mr. A. Black, a young vocalist who is securing a high standing in his profession. The "Spring Chorus" in the prologue, "Softly the Indian night," the music of the Temptation scene, and the effective final chorus may be specified as among the several impressive portions of the work. The orchestral details are rich in varied and picturesque elaboration, and although neither in this respect nor in the vocal music is there any apparent endeavour to realise a distinctive Oriental tone, the work is, perhaps, not the less interesting from its absence. Without imitating Wagner's style, Mr. Buck adopts one of that composer's favourite devices in the use of representative themes; that associated with Buddha being employed somewhat to excess. The performance at St. James's Hall was ably conducted by Dr. Mackenzie, and the work was so favourably received that it will doubtless be in request elsewhere.

Herr Edvard Grieg gave an interesting recital of his pianoforte and vocal music at St. James's Hall on March 20, when his excellent qualities as a refined pianist were displayed in the characteristic "Suite," entitled "Aus Holberg's Zeit," some Norwegian dances for four hands, the sonata Op. 45 for piano and violin; and three short solo pieces. Some of the composer's charming lieder were admirably sung by Madame Grieg, who also co-operated with her husband in the four-hand pieces; M. Wolff having been the violinist in the sonata. Simultaneously with Herr Grieg's recital, one was given by Miss M. Wild, a highly meritorious pianist, whose selection comprised pieces both of the classical and the brilliant schools.

The Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, and the Saturday afternoon performances associated therewith, continue to include the co-operation of Herr Joachim as leading and solo

violinist. The latest afternoon concert—on March 23—included Miss Zimmermann's artistic performance in Sterndale Bennett's three graceful "Musical Sketches" for pianoforte solo; the lady having also been associated with Herr Joachim in Beethoven's duet-sonata in C minor. Mr. Santley was the vocalist. At the preceding Monday evening concert Madame De Pachmann was the pianist, her solo performances having been in studies by Chopin and Henselt, which the lady played with brilliant execution; another effective solo performance having been that of Herr Joachim in Tartini's "Il Trillo del Diavolo," a quaint and characteristic piece by a great master of the instrument, who flourished more than a century ago. Mr. Santley was the vocalist also at this concert.

The seventeenth of the present series of Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace, on March 23, brought forward a new overture composed by Mr. E. Prout, who has entitled it "Rokeby." Scott's romantic poem has served to suggest to the composer a bright and well-contrasted work in which varied orchestral effects are skilfully used. M. Saint-Saëns's symphonic poem, "Phaëton"—given for the first time at these concerts—has been heard and commented on before. The occasion now referred to included Herr Stavenhagen's masterly performance of Liszt's eccentric pianoforte concerto in A; Miss Elsa having made a highly favourable impression by her display of florid execution and expressive sentiment in Rossini's "Una voce" and the popular song, "Darling mine," by Dr. Louis Engel, the instructor of the young vocalist.

Mr. Isidore De Lara's vocal recitals have been so successful that he has, by request, given an extra matinée at Steinway Hall, when his programme was of special interest. Simultaneously with Mr. De Lara's recital, Miss Dora Bright gave the last of her three pianoforte recitals at Prince's Hall.

The second concert of the new season of the Philharmonic Society took place at St. James's Hall on March 28, when the programme announced the performance of Dr. Villiers Stanford's new violin suite, the appearance of Madame Backer-Gröndahl as pianist, and the return, as conductor, of Mr. Cowen, after his absence in Australia.

Herr Stavenhagen announced a recital at Prince's Hall for March 29. This skilful pianist has recently produced a highly favourable impression abroad and in this country by his brilliant executive powers, especially in the florid pianoforte music of the modern German school, of which his programme on the occasion now referred to comprised several examples, besides specimens of the classics of the past.

A new oratorio, "Judith," by C. H. H. Parry, was performed by Miss Holland's choir at Prince's Hall, on March 28, in aid of the restoration of the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, the oldest church in London.

The London Sunday-School Choir Festival Concert was given at the Albert Hall on March 23. The singing of the 1500 choristers, representing the entire body of 6000 members, afforded gratifying evidences that the purpose for which, in 1871, the association was formed—namely, the improvement of part-singing in Sunday schools—has been steadily and successfully pursued.

"The Evolution of the Beautiful in Sound" (John Heywood: Manchester and London).—This work, by Dr. Wyld—eminent as the Principal of the London Academy of Music, and the Gresham Professor of Music—is divided into two sections, the first of which comprises seventeen, the other

seven, chapters. The author begins with the earliest theories of the ratios of musical sounds known to, or attributed to, Greek authorities, including Pythagoras, Aristoxenus, Euclid, and others; and progresses by treating of the ecclesiastical scales, gradually proceeding to a consideration of the modern views of the nature of musical sounds as propounded by Ellis and Helmholtz. The formation of the different scales is learnedly discussed, and acoustic facts are elaborately considered in their relation to the development of the principles of beauty in musical sounds. The book displays much careful research and deliberate thought, and will interest both the theoretical and the practical musician.

"Saint Anthony" is the title of a song the words of which are from the skilled and experienced hand of Mr. F. E. Weatherly, who describes his verses as "an old legend amplified." There is much quaint humour in his lines, and this quality is very successfully reflected in the music supplied by Stephen Adams, who has here added another to the many successes previously gained by him as a composer of songs. That now referred to is a very effective piece, and has repeatedly proved so in its public delivery by Mr. Maybrick. Another successful song-composer who has recently contributed largely to this class of music is Hope Temple. From this lady we have "A Golden Argosy," the words of which are from the same hand as those of the song previously noticed. The lines lend themselves readily to musical setting, and the result is a pleasing song in both respects, the melody being bright and animated in character, while still being essentially of a vocal nature. The songs just referred to are published by Messrs. Boosey and Co.; as are "The Gift," composed by A. H. Behrend, and "The Good Ship went a-Sailing," by W. E. Allen. In the former, the text is another contribution from the fertile pen of Mr. F. E. Weatherly, who has furnished some smooth lines of a serious cast, that have been expressively set by the composer already named. The song last mentioned is a setting of lines by another successful provider of verses for music (G. C. Bingham); the result being an effective piece in both respects, robust and declamatory in character, without being coarse or vulgar. From Messrs. Boosey and Co. we also have a "First Set of Easy and Progressive Pieces for the Guitar," by Madame Pratten, an eminent professor of the instrument, for which she has provided a series of movements that are pleasing in character, and calculated to prove serviceable in practice.

"My Heart your Home" is the title of a song composed by Edith Marriott, who has allied a pleasing melody, eminently vocal in character, to some sentimental words by G. H. Newcombe. The voice-part is flowing, lies within a moderate compass, and the effect is enhanced by several transitions of harmony. Another pleasing song is "Many a Weary Mile," by W. Fairclough. This also is a flowing and singable melody, only requiring a moderate compass of voice; the sentimental portion, in common time, being contrasted by changes to a "tempo di valse." Both these songs are published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., as also is that entitled "Sunshine through the Mist," by H. M. Van Lennep. This will suit a voice of somewhat low compass, and a singer who can declaim well. There are some good rhythmical effects in the voice-part, and some telling changes from twelve-eight to three-four tempo.

"My All in All" is a sacred song composed by Madame St. Germaine, who has imparted an appropriate tone of seriousness to the vocal melody, the accompaniment being in accordance therewith. Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co. are the publishers.

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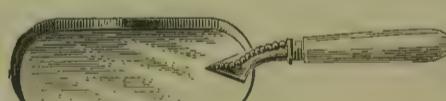
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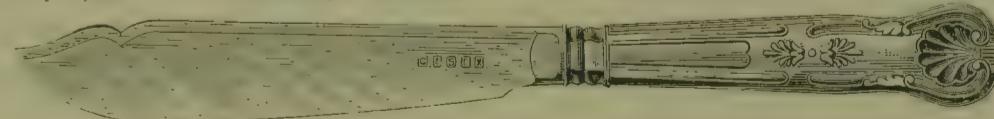
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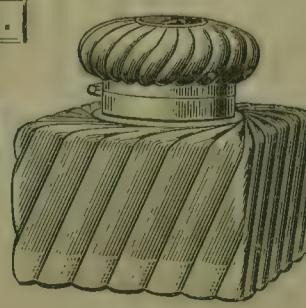


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## TABLE LINENS.

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TABLE LINENS.—Amongst the stocks are a number of CLOTHES, in both medium and large sizes, of altogether exceptional quality; in fact, some of the finest and most beautiful productions of the Irish looms. These are suitable for best use and special occasions, and should certainly be seen. The prices will be found but little more than usually asked for goods of ordinary character.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1888) of Mr. William Benjamin Walker, late of No. 13, Second-avenue, Hove, Brighton, and Holmleigh, Chiselhurst, and formerly of Sydney, New South Wales, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on March 16 by Thomas Walker, the brother, Evelyn Sydney Forest Walker, the son, and David George, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £266,000. The testator gives £500 and his household-furniture, pictures, plate, carriages, horses, and wines to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Walker, and £500 to his executor, David George. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one moiety thereof to his wife, and one fourth each, upon trust, for his two sons, William Sylvester Walker, and Evelyn Sydney Forest Walker, for life, and then, upon further trusts, for their respective wives and children.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1888) of Mrs. Elizabeth Harriett Georgiana Eden, late of No. 45, Eaton-square, and Gillingham Hall, Beccles, Suffolk, the widow of the late Admiral Henry Eden, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on March 14 by John George Kenyon, the nephew, and Charles Paice, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £57,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to John George Kenyon; £1000, and all her jewels, trinkets, and personal ornaments to Georgiana Ann Dunbar; £1000 each to Fanny Eden, Dulcie Eden, the Rev. Henry Eden, Flora Reynell Pack, Mary Reynell Pack, Frederica Reynell Pack, Reynell James Pack-Beresford, and Mrs. Mary Louisa Anson; £2000 to Mrs. Emma Jane Packer; £500 each to Elizabeth Anson, Elizabeth Pack-Beresford, Annette Pack-Beresford, Louisa Campbell, and Charlotte Loring; £200 to the Incumbent of Gillingham, for the benefit of the poor of that parish; £500 each to the National Life-Boat Institution and the Royal Hospital for Incurables; £200 to the Beccles Hospital; £100 each to the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain Society, the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, and the Hospital for the Epileptic and Paralysed; £1000 each to her maid and butler; and legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her said nephew, John George Kenyon.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1854), with two codicils (both dated July 10, 1882), of Mr. Joshua Blackburn, J.P., formerly of No. 22, Norfolk-street, Park-lane, and late of Brockwell, near Dulwich, and Lincoln's Inn, who died on Dec. 18 last, was proved on March 13 by William Smiles, M.D., one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000. The testator gives £20,000 £3 per cent Stock and £2000 Bank of England Stock, upon trust, for his three daughters; £2675 Stock to his son Joshua John Blade Blackburn, and other legacies. He devises all real and leasehold estates over which he has a power of appointment, situate contiguous to the estates of his late maternal grandfather, to his said son Joshua. The residue of his property he leaves to his second son Henry Robson Blackburn.

The will (dated April 27, 1885) of Mr. Stephen Segrave,

late of No. 17, Wilton-place, S.W., who died on Jan. 29, was proved on March 18 by Mrs. Isabella Segrave, the widow, and George O'Neil Segrave, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testator gives £800 and all his furniture to his wife; and £10,000 to his son George. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to his son.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1887) of Mr. Thomas Barton, late of No. 135, Wallgate, Wigan, Lancashire, iron merchant, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on March 15 by Thomas Platt, William Grime, and Thomas Hepple Harbottle, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testator gives and devises his three freehold houses in Wallgate, forty shares in the Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, £500, and all his furniture and household effects to his grand-daughter Emma Mercer; six houses in Egerton-street, Wigan, and £1000, upon trust, for his granddaughter Elizabeth Ann Bold; and £50 to his sister, Margaret Barton. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children, Mrs. Elizabeth Marthew, Mrs. Mary Bold, Mrs. Harriet Mercer, and Thomas Barton, the share of his son to be less by £600 than those of his daughters.

The will (dated May 12, 1884), with a codicil (of the same date), of Miss Elizabeth Mona Murray, late of Lancelyn House, Milverton Hill, Warwick, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on March 14 by the Rev. Richard Paget Murray and Major Henry Murray, the residuary legatees, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. The testatrix gives £3500, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to Mrs. Mary Hibbert Ware, for life, or until she shall marry again, and then to her seven children—viz., Jessie, Caroline, Wilhelmina, Alice, Edith, Elizabeth, and George Hibbert Ware; £3500 between the said seven children, in equal shares; £1000 each to Elizabeth Murray, Edward Murray, Arthur Murray, Charles Murray, the Rev. Richard Paget Murray, Henry Murray, Douglas Hibbert Ware, William Hibbert Ware, Catherine Hibbert Ware, and Mrs. Jessie Oliver; £1500 to Mona Murray; and other legacies. She devises her freehold house and land at Milverton to William Douglas Scott, who predeceased her. The residue of her property she leaves to the Rev. Richard Paget Murray, Major Henry Murray, and John Oliver Murray (since deceased).

Letters of Administration of the personal effects of the Right Hon. Caroline Maria, Countess of Limerick, late of No. 36, Queen's Gate-terrace, South Kensington, were granted on March 16 to the Right Hon. William Hale John Charles, Earl of Limerick, the husband, the value of the personal estate exceeding £1500.

In our notice of the will of Mr. William Pollett Brown Chatteris, of Sandleford Priory, Berkshire, it should have been stated that his Newtown estate was left to Sir Alexander John Arbuthnot.

## "THE BALLOON," AT THE STRAND.

It is a happy omen for the future of the stage in England when two writers can combine to promote hilarity by such harmless means as are used by Mr. George Manville Fenn and Mr. J. H. Darnley in the hugely-diverting farcical comedy of "The Balloon," which has been running for several weeks at the Strand Theatre. The very amusing series of misunderstandings which compel a perturbed young doctor, on the eve of his marriage, to seek refuge in a balloon, arise from a simple cause. Dr. Glynn is plunged into confusion by the inopportune arrival at his Dover home of a vivacious adventuress with whom he has flirted in Rome. So shaken are his nerves that Dr. Glynn is quite erroneously led to imagine it is his aunt he has poisoned, and he incontinently ascends in a friend's balloon to evade justice, meeting with a misadventure which sends him back in a sorry plight, to learn that his case is not at all so bad as he thought it was. Enacted crisply and with the touch-and-go lightness in which Mr. Wyndham's companies excel, "The Balloon" occasions much laughter. With admirable dash does Mr. George Giddens now represent the various phases of mental disturbance Dr. Glynn goes through; with rich aplomb does Miss Rose Saker sustain the part of the designing Widow Rippendale who would blackmail him; and in his accustomed vein of drollery does Mr. Alfred Maltby impersonate the disreputable Mr. Aubrey Fitzjohn, who sponges on the poor Doctor till he is "found out." In the lighter parts, Miss Ellaline Terriss (the clever young daughter of Mr. William Terriss, of the Adelphi) as Grace Wentworth, Mr. Forbes Dawson as the sprightly Captain Cameron, and Miss Gabrielle Goldney as Miss Vere, with Miss Emily Miller, Mr. Whitaker, and Mr. Raimeond in other characters, are all that could be desired. Joint authors of "The Barrister" and of "The Balloon," MM. Fenn and Darnley have displayed so much skill and dexterity in the manipulation of mirth-moving incidents that further good work for the stage may be expected from them.

Mr. George Harvard Whissell has been appointed secretary of the Metropolitan Railway Company, in room of the late Mr. J. M. Eyles.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have written to the Fulham Vestry stating that they and the Bishop of London are prepared to grant to them a lease for 999 years of the meadow adjoining the Bishop's-avenue, Fulham Palace, at a nominal rent of £1 per annum, in order that it might be used as a public recreation ground. The Vestry have accepted the offer, and will carry out the conditions applying to it.

## DEATH.

Walter Herbert Ingram, killed by an elephant near Berbera, March 29, 1888. In loving memory.

\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

Now ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 70, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, containing THE COUNTY, Chaps. 11-15—BIRDS OF PIREY—MOTH-MULLEIN, by the Author of "Mehalah," "Court Royal," &c.—NAPOLEON AND ELBA—A MORNING WALK; and TWO DAYS IN HIS LIFE. London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterlooo-place.

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THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of Selected Pictures by English and Continental Artists, including M. De Fortuny's celebrated picture, "LE JARDIN DU POETE," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

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GLOBE.—KING RICHARD III. EVERY EVENING, at 7.45. Shakespeare's tragedy, KING RICHARD III. Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Richard Mansfield. Box-office open daily Ten to Five.—MR. E. D. PRICE, Manager.

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THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE and FILM CO., 115, Oxford-street, London, W.

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See Illustrations of H.M.S. Sanspareil, ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, March 18th, 1889, pages 325 and 326.

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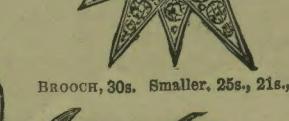
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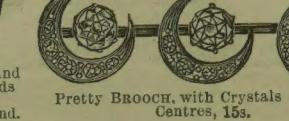
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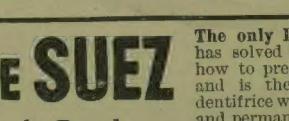
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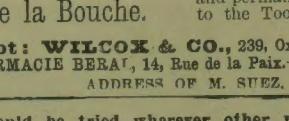
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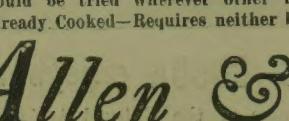
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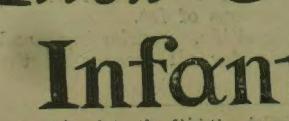
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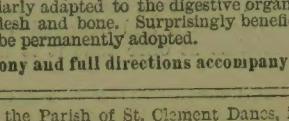
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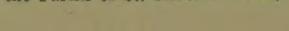
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